

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



EISENHOWER

Boris Chaliapin

"Free government is the political expression of a deeply felt religious faith."



Export cargo usually gets more handling than a handbag at a bargain sale. But the handling can be minimized. It can be done carefully, with proper equipment. That's the Alcoa way.



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CARIBBEAN CRUISES—on modern, air-conditioned Alcoa ships are memorable vacations. 16 days, with calls at 6 exciting ports. De luxe accommodations. Sailings from New Orleans every Saturday. See your travel agent, or write for cruise booklet "G".



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Your cargo handling is supervised by men who know their jobs. Alcoa officers are alert, experienced, conscientious . . . desirous of making sure that your cargo arrives in perfect condition.



Whether lightering or unloading to modern docks, Alcoa uses the proper methods and gear. Thirty years' experience has taught the best ways to handle cargo at 59 Caribbean ports.

Alcoa offers regular service from 10 Gulf, North Atlantic and Canadian ports, enabling you to hold your railroad shipping costs to a minimum. This advantage is fully explained in our folder, "Caribbean Routings at a Glance."

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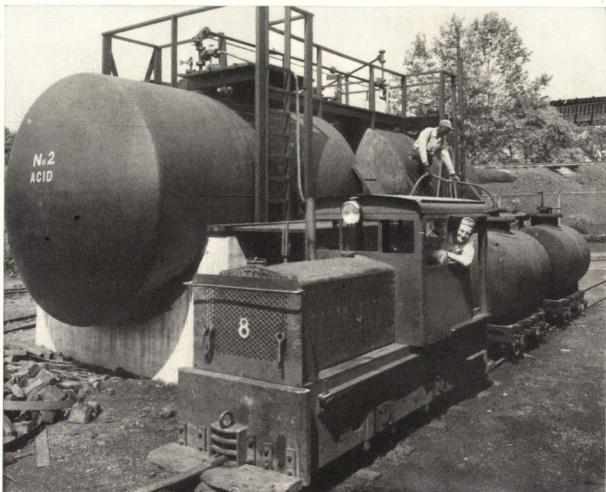
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RESEARCH KEEPS

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A typical example of B. F. Goodrich improvement in rubber

INDUSTRY needs a lot of acid. Workmen used to lug it from place to place in big glass bottles. But accidents did happen. Bottles would slip, crash, spatter acid in every direction. With 20% breakage each year, it was expensive replacing the wasted acid, but even harder on the workmen.

A steel company in the east knew that rubber linings were used in tank cars that carried acid. They wondered if the same thing on a smaller scale—a miniature railroad—could solve their problem.

What had made the acid-carrying tank car possible was a development made years ago by B. F. Goodrich. BFG engineers had found a way to attach rubber to steel, to make a leakproof tank able to hold many of the most corrosive acids.

B. F. Goodrich rubber lined the two miniature tank cars you see in the picture. That was 14 years ago. Ever since, this rubber railroad has been scooting around the sprawling steel mill, delivering acid wherever it's needed. Gone forever is the costly breakage,

loss of acid, danger to workmen.

This is typical of B. F. Goodrich research which is constantly at work to develop new products and improve applications of older ones. That's why—no matter what rubber products you use—it pays to check regularly with your BFG distributor, to make certain you get all the latest improvements and savings. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Industrial & General Products Division, Akron, Ohio.*

B.F. Goodrich
RUBBER FOR INDUSTRY



Every trout in the Nation is in danger of his life



WALKING FROM THE FISHING-HOLE at the beginning of the century, a boy and his dog might find a bumblebee, with his sleepy-sounding buzz, or a hopping robin as their only companions.

A lard can was the best for worms—it had a wire handle. In the cool morning dark you would tiptoe downstairs (watch out for the creaky step!) and into the kitchen, where Captain's tail would be thumping a welcome behind the stove.

Then out, fish pole on your shoulder, and through the field of clover, the fresh dew cold on your bare legs. The trotting Captain snuffled his way through the brush; overhead somewhere a woodpecker hammered in the old apple tree. On you went, up the white dusty road. All the roads were dusty in those days, back at the turn of the century, the dust soft and deep in dry weather, and heavy as melted chocolate after rains.

In the first pink streaks of dawn you were moving quietly upstream, watching your shadow to see that it never fell on the water ahead, until you reached the big old snag that dammed the water in a deep pool. With an artist's wrist you dropped your worm gently into the water, just as if it had fallen off the log—it drifted lightly for a few seconds of tension; one, two—strike! And out of the cold pool, dripping pearls and kicking, jumped the silver trout, fighting the solid-set hook.

If you were born near a fish-filled stream, or on the seacoast, fifty-odd years ago, you could have a wonderful time. If not, you could only read about fishing—unless you were very rich. Only the wealthiest sportsmen could afford to travel to the great trout streams of the nation.

The world of that time exists now only in fading brown photographs, and in the stiff unreal rooms of museums. But that boy's America, even then, was already being changed. The change came in a series of small explosions: those in the cylinders of Henry Ford's first handmade horseless carriage.

The automobiles made the roads—and the roads made for prosperity and for more leisure. No group of Americans has had it better than the fishermen; no group has had it tougher than the fish. But the American Road goes far beyond fishing-holes—stretches on for more than 3,322,000 miles, and for it the Ford Motor Company has built more than 35,000,000 cars. The American Road is the most important communications network ever developed; it is a great national asset, its value in peace or war beyond estimate. And it must keep growing, for this road is bigger than a stretch of concrete—it is a symbol of the endless drive of Americans toward a better life for everyone.

Ford Motor Company believes the American Road leads true as a surveyor's sight toward peace and progress.

Ford Motor Company

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Small things like faulty wires, plugs, fuses, or cigarettes, or matches, or candles, or trash piles are the major causes of fire, particularly in the home. And often, when the ashes are cooled and combed, a man finds that his insurance is far from adequate to cover his serious loss.

Go now, and see The Man with the Plan . . . your local Employers' Group Insurance Agent or Broker. Let him review your entire Fire Insurance Program and gear it to today's conditions. He wants to help you. We want to help you. *Our Purpose Is to Care . . . for those who care.*

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For all types of Fire and Casualty Insurance or Fidelity and Surety Bonds, see your local Employers' Group Agent, The Man With The Plan



When the membership rolls close again—as they must in a few short weeks!—you will be glad that you seized upon this opportunity to obtain

BEAUTIFUL, beautiful BOOKS
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Now—but for a brief time only!—

you can obtain a unique collection of the world's classics,
especially illustrated by the world's greatest artists and
well printed on fine papers—for the same price as ordinary books!

WHEN THE MEMBERSHIP rolls of The Heritage Club are publicly opened to new members—and you may know that this does not happen often—you are offered an unusual opportunity which you should be alert to seize.

Now The Heritage Club is preparing the announcement of the Seventeenth Series of its fine books, for distribution to its members during the coming twelve months; and the membership rolls are opened for a brief time.

THE MEMBERS of The Heritage Club regularly come into possession of "the classics which are our heritage from the past, in editions which will be the heritage of the future." These books are not falsely *deluxe*, nor are they old editions dressed up for a new market. They are especially designed by the most famous typographers, illustrated by the greatest of the world's artists, carefully printed by leading printers on papers which have been chemically tested to assure a life of at least two centuries, and then handsomely bound and boxed.

You may find this next statement hard to believe; but nevertheless it is true, and it seems a principal reason for the continuing success of this cooperative plan: *the members obtain these books for the same price that they are called upon to pay for ordinary rental library novels!* Despite increases in the past few years of about one hundred per cent in the costs of producing books, each member pays only \$3.65 for each book—or only \$3.28 if he pays in advance!

Now the Prospectus is being prepared for the Seventeenth Series; and in this Prospectus will be described all of the

books to be distributed to the members during the coming twelve months. Some of these members, by the way, have been members of The Heritage Club ever since the Club was established nearly seventeen years ago. If you elect to get into this obviously-satisfied membership, and apply in time, you will obtain books like these:

The Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini, in a large square quarto profusely illustrated by Fritz Kredel; and *Madame Bovary* illustrated with engravings by the great French painter Pierre Brissaud; and *The Pilgrim's Progress* with the water-colors of William Blake printed in full color for the first time; and Thoreau's *Walden* with wood-engravings by Thomas Nason; and Voltaire's *Candide* with illustrations in color by Sylvain Sauvage; and *The Book of Ruth* with the beautiful miniature-paintings of Arthur Seyk...

Yet, if it should happen that you do not desire to have any of these books, you do not have to purchase *any* book you do not want; for you are given a list of three dozen Heritage books-now-in-print—from which to select substitute titles.

THERE HAVE BEEN great book bargains before, of course, and there will be again. But it seems safe to say that never in the history of book publishing has a greater bargain been offered to wise buyers of books.

You are invited to put this statement to the test. If you will fill out the coupon printed herewith and mail it to The Heritage Club, you will be sent a copy of the descriptive Prospectus. Also, one of the available memberships will be reserved for you until you have had time to study the Prospectus and to send in your formal application.

Reservation Coupon

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LETTERS

Witness

Sir:

As an American people and nation we should thank God for Whittaker Chambers' book *Witness* (TIME, May 26). There are so many Americans sunk in the depths of lethargy and indifference that a great number of our youth will probably never know who Chambers is or what Communism is, until it is too late. *Witness* should be used as a textbook in every one of our nation's high schools and junior colleges . . .

(MRS.) CASPER BRENDEN

Scobey, Mont.

Sir:

Is Whittaker Chambers' concept of God becoming a new criterion for good Americanism? God forbid! There's a peculiar tide running here. It includes such divergent figures as Niebuhr, Buckley (of Yale) and Billy Graham. It puts the Spirit of God and the mind of man in opposing camps. It implies that any effort to think through a man's problems on a rational basis is somehow ungodly, and very likely Red as well.

Isn't it time for someone to speak up for those whose concept of God is not based on a deprecation of man's scientific and intellectual possibilities? . . . Plenty of good Americans can oppose Communism without embracing mysticism, even if Whittaker Chambers can't . . .

E. SCOTT PATTISON

White Plains, N.Y.

Sir:

Your analogy concerning Whittaker Chambers and the publican is not only inconsistent but ludicrous. This "humble" publican has

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TIME
June 16, 1952

Volume LIX
Number 24



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COOL

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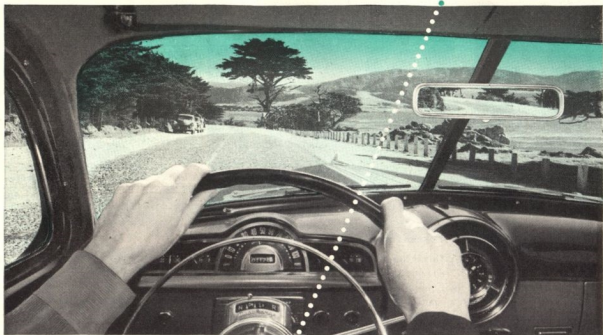
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TIME, JUNE 16, 1952



PUT YOURSELF **HERE** . . . UNBEDAZZLED

Your first glimpse of the Pacific is a truly dazzling sight as myriad wavelets glitter in the sun. But sometimes, driving beside the Pacific—or elsewhere—can be a mite *too* dazzling.

Unless, that is, your car is equipped with a shaded windshield of E-Z-EYE Safety Plate Glass—made only by Libbey-Owens-Ford. Light blue-green in color, it tones down unbearable dazzle to a pleasing sparkle; the deeper-tinted band at the top reduces sky brightness so much you will seldom need to flip down your visors. Used in side and rear windows as well as the

windshield, E-Z-EYE keeps your car much cooler in summer by screening out heat rays from the sun.

The use of this amazing glass in automobiles was pioneered by General Motors, and it is now available in all General Motors cars. With E-Z-EYE Safety Plate Glass all around, every passenger enjoys maximum comfort. So to make driving more pleasant, less fatiguing, choose E-Z-EYE Safety Plate Glass when you buy a new car. It costs but a little extra, and how much smarter it makes a car look!



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THE MAN TO KNOW BEFORE YOU GO IS YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

performed no ablution, but rather has come out of the temple to sell his sins. Whittaker Chambers is an emotional, not a rational man. This is shown from his grasp of "faiths," each diametrically opposed. He has substituted one faith for the other and in his processing has disregarded rationality.

CHARLES REIS

Webster Groves, Mo.

Sir:

I have just finished your expert review of *Witness* with the same lump in my throat that arose after reading the installments in the *Saturday Evening Post*.

Coming as and when it did, Whittaker Chambers' sacrifice had an incalculable value—if only to set the record straight for some of our "high-school liberals" that have been rampant since 1932. Never did any man write with such righteous lucidity. Fie on those who would measure his abasement in dollars & cents.

PERRY CARRIEL

Lookout Mt., Tenn.

Sir:

... No sane American can approve or tolerate Communism, the diabolical philosophy of our time. But just because an ex-Communist bares his so-called soul in public is no excuse for a critic to start jumping hoops in applauding him. If your assessment of Chambers' book is correct, then Tolstoy was a pulp writer...

VERNON CARTER

Lafayette, Calif.

Sir:

A thousand bravos to you for an absorbing review... As I am a young man just turned 30 and one who has encountered even occasionally in my own circle of friends so-called "liberals," ultra-left-wingers, apologists and the like; let me say that the young men & women of America should well take note not only of the content of Chambers' exposé, but rather initiate something concrete in ridding our government, and the present Administration's crumbling bureaucracy of Communists who are trying to destroy us from within...

JOHN DRYER

New York City

Magic Carpet

Sir:

... Regarding your May 26 statement: "For the first time in 100 years it looked as if U.S. shipbuilders might recapture the transatlantic speed record for ocean liners."

It is correct, if your limitation as to ocean liners is interpreted to mean only those vessels designed and built for passenger carrying... but U.S.S. *Lake Champlain* during Operation Magic Carpet, with her crew reduced to 2,000 to make room for 5,000 G.I.s as passengers, crossed the Atlantic from Gibraltar to Norfolk at an average speed of 32.048 knots, despite the fact that she was once forced to slow to 20 for a period of eight hours, because of rough seas.

LOGAN RAMSEY

Rear Admiral, U.S.N. (ret.)

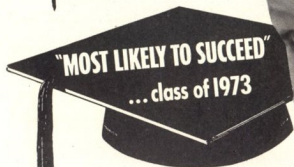
Philadelphia

¶ If aircraft carriers were eligible to compete with ocean liners for the Atlantic blue ribbon, U.S.S. *Lake Champlain* would own it, to hang in her wardrobe.—Ed.

Just Girls

Sir:

I was surprised when I read that article about the girls' geometry class in Los Angeles and how they weren't able to figure that



(...with the help of your "MONY" adviser!)

Ten weeks old may be pretty young to be thinking of college and worldly success. But it's not a bit too young for dad to be thinking about it!

True, some successful Americans will tell you "I never went to college." But, generally, they'll also tell you *they wish they had!* Still others will tell of having "worked" their way through—the hard way. And almost everybody will tell you that the odds are all in favor of the boy or girl who *does* go to college.

If you have a young hopeful, wouldn't you like to be *sure* there will be money for college—whether or not you're here?

You can be sure—and for only a few dollars a week—with a "MONY" Educational Policy. Mail the coupon—the "MONY" adviser nearest you will gladly tell you all about it. You'll find him far more than just an insurance salesman. He's an insurance adviser skilled in fitting life insurance to individual needs and income.

And, through Mutual Of New York—one of the oldest and strongest life insurance companies in America—he can *guarantee* money for future needs—whether it's money for family protection, money for retirement, money for protection against expenses and loss of income due to accident or sickness—or all of these and many more! Mail the coupon today for further information.

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problem [which Albert Einstein solved—*TIME*, May 26]. Anyone in my geometry class (I'm a schoolboy in Tucson Senior High) would have been able to figure it out in half an hour at least.

'Oh well, I guess it was because they were girls.'

GUY R. BATEMAN

Tucson, Ariz.

Bright Young Men

Sir:

With amed interest I read in your May 26 Personality sketch of Walter Lippmann that he was one of the "bright young men called to Washington" during the Wilson Administration. Reflecting on the change of times, it would be almost impossible today to "call" young brain power into governmental service. To be sure, there are those who may "apply" for a job, fill out wordy dossiers on themselves, wait months for Civil Service classification (a process which insures mediocrity), and then undergo the humiliating "402, FBI-security" snoop.

If any young Walter Lippmanns want to donate their services to the Government they should be prepared to give up six to eight months of their time for such ponderous bureaucratic processing. Unfortunately, with any sort of "socialist and argumentative" background like Mr. Lippmann's, a candidate need not even apply, much less be called . . .

J. WINCHESTER FRASER

Washington

Doug in the Manger?

Sir:

Congratulations on your May 26 reporting of MacArthur's slur at generals in the White House . . . I never cease to marvel at the many facets of the MacArthur personality, but this one really takes the cake. What makes Mac think he is an exception to the old political axiom—that generals make poor presidents? It smacks of an inflated ego, plus a childish fit of pique, *i.e.*, "if I can't have it, neither can Ike . . ."

HENRY S. KIRCHNER

Englewood, N.J.

Sir:

I wonder if it is as clear to General MacArthur, as it must be to most American voters, that his notion that no general is qualified for the presidency places him in a Doug in the manger attitude.

ARTHUR L. H. STREET

Minneapolis

Ike v. Montaigne

Sir

... TIME's May 26 report states "Ike's mission in the period between his return and the convention is to corral a few score delegates, not to impress millions of voters . . ." It is unfortunate that Ike does not seek to impress the voters. . .

Montaigne was in Italy when notified he had been elected mayor of Bordeaux, but feeling neither eager nor fitted for the job, he declined. King Henry of Navarre sent him a polite but insistent note that he accept, and he was mayor. Montaigne was already a well-known philosopher rather independently of the *Jurats*, the governing council. He would lend himself, not give himself, to his office. I would feel more charitable and hopeful if I didn't have the conviction that like's whole campaign up till now has been built on a slogan of the right to be elected. I already feel more than that! Delegates are reminded that Montaigne had a creditable job, but no one really knew where he stood either.

A. J. BEIRING

Newtonville, Mass.

TIME, JUNE 16, 1952



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Bendix offers you thirty years experience in meeting automotive requirements of cost, quality and production. Bendix brings you such developmental resources as 14 research centers, 4000 engineers, 19 manufacturing plants, and skills embracing all industrial sciences. And for immediate advancements in product and production, Bendix presents a list of old and new devices unparalleled in scope in the industry.

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button—costs less with the Bendix® Starter Drive, proved reliable by over 95,000,000 installations. A recently added new model incorporates these basic advantages together with a follow-through action. A combination which has proved so effective in speed-

ing up starting in extreme weather that it has already been adopted as standard by leading manufacturers. A new electric fuel pump—by a wide margin the most durable and reliable ever built—adds a further guarantee of fast starts regardless of terrain or climate.



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Carburetion. The Stromberg Carburetor—still the standard for quality, long-life and economy—is now available, as well, in a four-barrel unit which retains basic Stromberg features and adds greater horsepower without further engine changes.

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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear Time-Reader

At a recent meeting of TIME's advertising representatives from the U.S., Canada and overseas, Jim Tyson, TIME-LIFE International's research manager, reported on the results of several surveys TIME has just completed on magazine-reading habits of the most influential people in several walks of life around the world.

As a first step in the study, questionnaires in five languages were mailed out by International Public Opinion Research Inc. to cabinet ministers in 54 United Nations member countries. Later, follow-up interviews were conducted in 15 of the countries.* Among the questions asked: What magazines do you read? What magazine do you consider the most important? When the results were tallied, TIME led both lists.

Thirty-nine percent of the cabinet members said they read TIME, compared to 29% for the next magazine. And, by a three-to-one margin, they voted TIME the "most important to statesmen and opinion leaders." Second on the "most important" list: the London *Economist*.

Tyson then set out to conduct four additional surveys among groups of people who would normally lead opinion in their own countries: 1) editors and publishers of the world's largest newspapers, 2) top radio broadcasting executives, 3) managing directors of the largest firms in Latin America and the West Indies, and 4) leading engineers. Questionnaires went out on "blind" letterheads, with no indication that the studies were being conducted for TIME. Those going to Spanish-speaking countries were printed in Spanish, the rest in English, regardless of the tongue spoken in the countries where they were sent. Language of the questionnaires, however, appeared to make little difference in the results. British and U.S. magazines dominated every list.

The percentage reading TIME was about two out of five in each group, enough to score first in readership

among radio executives and editors and publishers of newspapers, and second among the corporate executives and engineers. (A similar survey was completed this spring by the research



department of Boston University's Division of Journalism among 204 publishers, 279 managing editors and 212 city editors of U.S. newspapers. All three groups voted TIME their favorite magazine.)

All four of the international groups questioned voted TIME the most important magazine, in each case by a margin of approximately two-to-one over the next periodical on the list. The vote favoring TIME ranged from 16% of the editors and publishers to 31% of the managing directors of large companies.

Cabinet officials were also asked other questions related to worldwide exchange of information and ideas. More than half believed that censorship of news at the source was a leading barrier to the world's mutual exchange of information. Listed next in order were the control of information media by special interests, trade restrictions which limit the import of publications and motion pictures, the newsprint shortage, and restrictions of movement by news reporters and photographers. In spaces provided for "other" barriers, 15 of the ministers specified the diversity of languages and need for a universal language.

The cabinet ministers considered the exchange of students and visitors the most effective medium for free intercourse in ideas among countries, followed by scientific and cultural exchanges, magazines and periodicals, newspapers and radio.

Cordially yours,

James A. Linen

* Iron Curtain countries were left out of the survey after a test mailing to Poland brought only one reply, which said: "The Minister has been unable to reply to your questionnaire because of his long absence."



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THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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My Secretary Won a Raise on her Lunch Hour

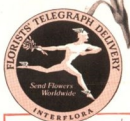


she taught me to Say it with FLOWERS-BY-WIRE

Ed Jones is an important customer who likes the personal touch. Last week I was on a trip, and couldn't attend the opening of his Chicago branch. My secretary passed an F.T.D. Florist during lunch hour, and thought to wire flowers in my name.

Ed's pleased as punch. He feels that, even though I couldn't be there, I remembered. I'm happy because he's happy. Miss Morrow, my secretary, is happy, too. She won a raise when she taught me to say it with Flowers-By-Wire. It's a trick I won't forget!

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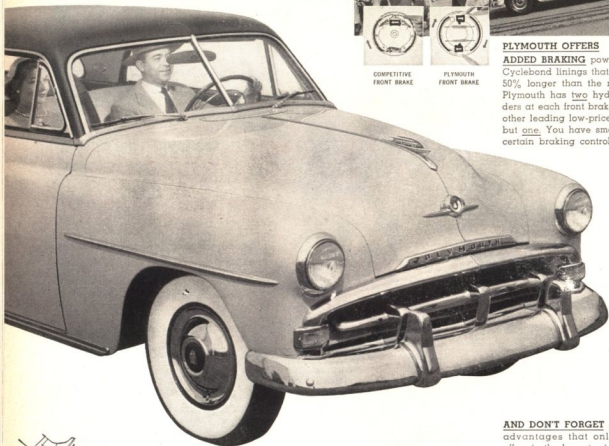
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← TIRE ON ORDINARY RIM AFTER BLOWOUT

← TIRE ON SAFETY RIM AFTER BLOWOUT

*Solex Safety Glass and Overdrive optional at moderate extra cost

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

REPUBLICANS

Still Uphill

Eisenhower's road toward the Republican nomination still lies uphill. His first week of campaigning was highly successful, but it worked no miracles. At week's end, the count of committed delegates stood: Taft 450, Ike 388. Eisenhower can expect the second-choice votes of about 100 of the 129 delegates pledged to other candidates. But Taft is due to pick up the only 13 votes not yet chosen, and Taft has a present advantage in the fight for 71 delegates whose seats are contested. If he gets 50 of these, Taft will have in hand 530 votes, while Ike, even with 100-odd votes from the Warren, Stassen and McKeldin delegates, and 20 from the contested delegates, can count only 510. Other things being equal, uncommitted delegates are more likely to plump for the front runner. That is why Ike is running uphill.

This week he was running fast and well, but he had only four weeks to go.

Homecoming

(See Cover)

They saw Ike, and they liked what they saw.

They liked him because he turned out to be an amazingly good campaigner: he could shake a man's hand and say the gracious word graciously; he could catch a delegate's name and remember it 24 hours later; and he could shoulder gently through a harassing crowd and never get harassed. They liked him for his strong, vigorous manner of speech, for his quiet control when schedules collapsed or plans were drenched with rain, and for an overriding, innate kindness and modesty.

But most of all, they liked him in a way they could scarcely explain. They liked Ike because, when they saw him and heard him talk, he made them proud of themselves and all the half-forgotten best that was in them and in the nation.

Back Door. It was a crashing conquest for the man who flew westward out of Washington one afternoon last week, a known soldier but an unknown candidate. He landed at Kansas City, Kans., and spent a quiet, secluded night on the 14th floor of the new Town House, waking up at 4 a.m. and worrying about his first campaign speech. At 7:30 a.m. Ike, Mamie, newsmen and the campaign brass climbed aboard a Santa Fe streamliner bound for the little (pop. 6,000) town of Abilene,

where the U.S. would watch Ike make his political debut.

The first omens were discouraging. When the train stopped at Emporia for a crew change, Ike's green campaign managers suddenly realized that it was time for the candidate to make a back-platform appearance. Then, to their horror, they



United Press

THE NEW CAMPAIGNER
Fundamentals at the cornerstone.

discovered that the duck-tailed streamliner had no back platform. Ike spent the first few minutes waving and grinning through the windows at the crowd. A porter struggled with a small door at the rear of the car and finally got it open. Ike stepped to the door and was just reaching down to shake an upstretched hand as the engineer started up, leaving half the reporters and photographers behind. A trainman flagged down the train half a block away. Said Ike, grinning ruefully: "I darn near fell out the door."

First Platform. The train was still honking its way across the flat, green wheatland when the crowds began to drift into an open field beside the tracks in Abilene. At 12:30 p.m. the humming Diesel nosed its way past the band and the bunting, stopped so its last car was even with a roped-off boardwalk. The Kansans

cheered and crowded close as the ruddy, bareheaded man in the grey double-breasted suit climbed down the steps, beamed, waved and shook hands around. Then, with Mamie on his right, Ike made his way through the clamor and the handshakes to his first political platform.

The ceremony in the center of the field was only a preliminary to the big political speech scheduled for later in the afternoon. Ike and three of his brothers—Milton, the president of Penn State College, Arthur, the Kansas City banker, and Edgar, the Tacoma, Wash. lawyer—were there to trowel the cornerstone of the \$100,000 Eisenhower Museum set up by the citizens of Kansas. The television cameras and the radio networks stayed away, and Ike had no prepared speech. But as he sat pensively, waiting for his turn to talk, his eyes drifted toward the small white clapboard house across the field, half hidden by poplars. There, on the wrong side of the tracks, David and Ida Eisenhower had raised their six boys.⁶ When Kansas' Governor Edward F. Arn introduced him, Ike stood up at the rostrum with an intent and distant look across his face.

"Inevitably, on such an occasion as this, memory is bound to turn backward," he began. "In fact, this day eight years ago, I made the most agonizing decision of my life. I had to decide to postpone by at least 24 hours the most formidable array of fighting ships and of fighting men that was ever launched across the sea against a hostile shore. The consequences of that decision at that moment could not have been foreseen by anyone. If there were nothing else in my life to prove the existence of an almighty and merciful God, the events of the next 24 hours did it . . . The greatest break in a terrible outlay of weather occurred the next day and allowed that great invasion to proceed, with losses far below those we had anticipated . . ."

Before Ike began talking, the people in the audience had drifted back & forth to shake hands with friends, to visit and titler while the preliminaries droned on. Now they were silent and attentive in the intimacy of great events.

"But that is not really where my memory wants to land today as it travels back

⁶ Son Earl, a Charleroi, Pa. electrical engineer, was missing from the ceremony; Roy, a Kansas pharmacist, died in 1942. A seventh son, Paul, died in infancy.

over the years. It is to the days of my boyhood . . . I want to call attention to the virtues of the times, to—at least as my brothers and I devoutly believe—the extraordinary virtues of our parents. First of all, they believed the admonition, 'The fear of God is the beginning of all wisdom.' Their Bibles were a live and lusty influence in their lives. There was nothing sad about their religion. They believed in it with a happiness and a contentment that all would be well if a man would take the cards that he had been dealt in this world and play them to the best of his ability . . ."

"What Are You Afraid Of?" By now the audience had caught both Ike's mood and his memories. There were scowls when a baby squawled in the damp afternoon heat, and the baby was quickly hushed. When two photographic planes sputtered low over the crowd, the people glanced up at the heedless intrusion, then turned back to listening.

"And they were frugal, possibly of necessity, because I have found out in later years we were very poor, but the glory of America is that we didn't know it then. All that we knew was that our parents—of great courage—could say to us: 'Opportunity is all about you. Reach out and take it. Do you want to go to school? Well, go. What are you afraid of? Do you have to stand around until someone comes along with a fat checkbook and takes care of every possible care or difficulty you can have in that school?' They didn't believe so. They were thrifty. They were economical, and they were honest . . ."

"They were people of great courage, and I think they never stooped—they never had time—to hate or despise an enemy, or those that used them spitefully. I don't think they ever loved the drought and the locusts that ruined their first business down in your little town of Hope,

a few miles south of here—a drought and the locusts that really drove them to Texas and brought about the strange paradox in our family that I was born in Texas. [The Kansans rumbled a laugh.] But they accepted these trials and tribulations, and met them with courage and with never a thought of failure. They were a part and parcel of their community, of the philosophy that then governed our lives . . ."

Days of Interdependence. "Those days were essentially simple ones. We did not feel intimately any relationship with Iran. We did not think about needing the tin and tungsten of Malaya, or the uranium of the Belgian Congo or the tin of Bolivia. We felt, rather, independent and alone . . . But now we realize the world is a great interdependent, complex entity . . . We have learned no part of us can prosper, no nation can really in the long run be at peace and have security unless others enjoy the same."

Then, with great humility and clarity, Eisenhower made his main point:

"And yet, in spite of the difficulties of the problems we have, I ask you this one question: If each of us in his own mind would dwell more upon those simple virtues—integrity, courage, self-confidence and unshakable belief in his Bible—would not some of these problems tend to simplify themselves? Would not we, after having done our very best with them, be content to leave the rest with the Almighty, and not to charge all our fellow men with the fault of bringing us where we were and are? I think it is possible that a contemplation, a study, a belief in those simple virtues would help us mightily."

The Level. As Ike said, the creed was an old one. But the man, the year and the place made it new and alive. This was not the local-boy-makes-good story. It was

not the up-from-log-cabin story. Nor was Ike suggesting that all problems could be solved by the simple equations of rural Kansas. This was the story of fundamentals which had served Ike Eisenhower well—and through him, the nation. It was the creed of the man who could say "Free government is the political expression of a deeply felt religious faith."

Ike still had ahead of him his formal plunge into partisan arguments and specific debates, but the 5,000 Kansans who clustered in the open field by the clapboard house knew the level and temper of his character. In simple, unmistakable words, the man had described his philosophical foundations. Now the candidate could go ahead.

By the time the cornerstone speech was over, the skies were dark and threatening, and a few drops splattered down on the black sod. Ike perched on the top of the back seat of a green Cadillac convertible and was driven out through the crowds, smiling and waving. The car turned up toward Abilene's business district, past the "Welcome Home Ike" banners on every lamppost and in every store window. It stopped on Northwest Third Street at the Sunflower Hotel, a plain, eight-story square brick building which is Abilene's only skyline.

Ike and Mamie pressed through the sidewalk throng, through the crowded lobby, and into a waiting elevator. On the sixth floor they found comparative quiet; newly redecorated, this floor was reserved for the Eisenhower party and guarded by two burly cops from the Kansas Bureau of Investigation. For lunch, the Eisenhowers went down one floor to the apartment of Hotel Manager Mike Biggs and his wife Eulalia. They hurried through fruit salad, stewed chicken, peas, mashed potatoes and a dish of pineapple sherbet. Then Ike and Mamie climbed out on the top of the hotel marquee to join the political brass in a review of the Ike homecoming parade.

Pink Clouds. Ike took the salute like a candidate who was in love with his job. He nudged Mamie when the first float rolled by; it was a replica of the white frame house where he was born in Denison, Texas, and bore a sign which read: "Birth Date Oct. 14, 1890." He did a little caper on the marquee when the high-school band played *Alexander's Ragtime Band*. And he grabbed Mamie and hugged her when he saw the "marriage float," bearing two Abilene youngsters on pink clouds in front of a heart-shaped lattice. The last float—Ike at the White House—had just passed when the dark clouds opened up and the rains spilled.

It rained in torrents while every eye in town watched the clock hands turn toward 5 o'clock, the time for Ike's big, nationwide TV and radio speech from Eisenhower Park. Ike's old high-school friend, Howard Keel, ran down to his clothing store, snatched 26 raincoats off a rack and hustled them up to the sixth floor of the Sunflower for the official party. He knew Ike's size—42—without asking. And to



United Press

THE EISENHOWER HOME IN ABILENE
"The fear of God is the beginning of all wisdom."

keep the rain off Ike's glasses, Howard lent his own broad-brimmed hat to the candidate.

By the time Ike got to the park, the grandstand was half empty, and the high-school bands—drawn from all over Dickinson County—were huddling in cars and under eaves, sodden and miserable. The television men urged Ike to talk from a dry room under the stands, but when he heard that half of his audience had stuck through the rain, he turned on his heel and splashed through the thick, black mud to the outdoor platform. A solicitous aide tried to shield him with a big umbrella, but Ike brushed it aside. Then he tossed away his broad-brimmed hat, and, with rain splattering on his bald head, began his maiden political speech to the U.S.

Four Threats. First he established that he was a Republican and gave his reasons why. "Evils which can ultimately throttle free government are present in today's situation," he said. He listed "four of these threats, which seem to me to be dangerous lapses from the American way of life . . . disunity, inflation, excessive taxation, bureaucracy."

He scrupulously mentioned no names, but touched a responsive chord when he said: "One party has been in power too long in this country." On foreign affairs, where he could have hit hard, he seemed to pull his punches. "The mystery must be removed from foreign relations—our essential requirements and objectives must be clearly set forth," he said. "Americans instinctively and properly dread the kind of secrecy that surrounded Yalta . . . China was lost to the free world in one of the greatest international disasters of our times—a type of tragedy that must not be repeated."

Cut away from the drama of Abilene, Ike's formal address sounded like too many political speeches ("Five-star generalities," snorted the pro-Taft Chicago *Tribune*). Ike's speaking ability was not of high enough order to sustain the thread of meaning through some crudely tailored sentences. Overelaborate West Point English, completely absent from his morning talk in the field, sat stolidly on the afternoon address. (Ike wrote the speech in Paris, and it was pawed over by a committee of his strategists in the U.S.). Radio listeners liked it least. For those at Abilene and for the estimated ten million who saw Ike deliver it on television, the speech was redeemed by the speaker. In his face were force, sincerity and spontaneity; it was a very fine performance by a man who understood, and cared about, what he was saying.

Tactful Command. The next day brought the toughest ordeal in the candidate's initiation—the press conference. Just before 9 o'clock, he walked on the stage of Abilene's little Plaza Theater to face the popping flashbulbs of the still photographers, the batteries of photo-floods from the newsreels and television cameras, and 300 reporters. He had not counted on television (see PRESS), and took his stand at the seven microphones



THE EISENHOWERS OF ABILENE*

"Do you want to go to school? Well, go!"

with his head ducked and a frown on his face. But when he looked out into the glare and promised to answer "as many questions as I can in a period of 45 minutes," he took tactical and tactful command over the situation and he never once lost it, either at Abilene or at his subsequent press conference in New York.

On the Record. It was clear at the outset that Ike wanted to get on the record just what brand of domestic Republican he was. Without waiting for a question, he identified as the basis of his "political philosophy" a joint declaration by the Republicans in Congress and by the Republican National Committee on Feb. 6, 1950. Few reporters could remember it. But later they recalled that the "liberty v. socialism" theme of the statement was more conservative than the 1948 Republican platform, that it was drafted by Bob Taft and opposed at the time by Ike's prime campaign worker, Massachusetts' Henry Cabot Lodge Jr.

Ike had one other major point to clear up: he shares no blame for the policy-making of the two Democratic Administrations he has served with military rank. "I never heard President Roosevelt directly state a single political concept of his in my life, except over the radio . . . I have never been a part of any administration. Therefore I have not been a part of . . . the total foreign policy of the U.S., nor, indeed, have I been cognizant of many of the factors."

End Runs. Ike stuck to his promise that he would not engage in personalities during the campaign, but he did manage

two notable end runs around it. When he was asked about General MacArthur, who has been pointedly anti-Eisenhower and pro-Taft in public speeches, Ike blended charity and wisdom in an effective reply: "I could not have served any man . . . as I did General MacArthur, without gaining a tremendous respect for his intellectual and professional capacity. If I had to have any position of great responsibility in this country . . . I should certainly want to know what he thought [about the Far East]."

End run No. 2 took care of Joe McCarthy. Said Ike: "Any kind of Communistic, subversive or pinkish influence [must] be uprooted from responsible places in our government. Make no mistake about that. On the other hand, I believe that can be done under competent leadership . . . without besmirching the reputation of any innocent man or condemning by loose association or anything else."

Very Unpleasant. The only question that rocked Ike momentarily was one popped in Manhattan two days later by a crank. The questioner tried to pin down his charge that Eisenhower was associated with Alger Hiss. The question was only half out when Ike reddened, scowled and snapped: "What did you say? What did you say?" Then he quieted the uproar from the legitimate correspondents and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I want to say

* Sons Milton, Dwight and Earl with their parents.

one thing, I do not believe that it is necessary for me to defend myself against [the taint of] Communism or Fascism in any form . . . The man whose name was just mentioned I saw once in my life. I joined the Carnegie Foundation for International Peace, and when I went up I found that Mr. Hiss was its president . . . I never saw him before or since . . . To my mind, that is a very unpleasant question."

Ike's natural warmth could not be caught by headlines. He delighted reporters in Abilene by coming up with the word "skyhootin'" (what prices do during inflation). He misused a favorite word of Fourth-of-July orators—"shibboleth"—by adding that it meant something that's

"just false; not true."⁸ He did not once say "no comment," and pleased many with a frank substitute: "I don't know."

He retired from the Plaza Theater leaving the conference in a glow, thanks to a curtain question shouted across the auditorium by a newsreel cameraman. The question: "Mr. Eisenhower, did you ever dream some day when you left Abilene

⁸ Real meaning: criterion or watchword, because the Gileadites recognized the Ephraimites as their enemies when the Ephraimites mispronounced the Hebrew word "shibboleth" as "sibboleth." (*Judges* 12:6). Ike's own troops used a similar shibboleth during the Battle of the Bulge when they tried to trap English-speaking German spies by asking them who won the World Series.

that you would come back and run for the presidency of the U.S.?" Ike smiled, rubbed his head, and squinted into the lights. "I don't know what dreams crowd the head of a young boy," he said, "but I think that before I left, my real problem was whether to try to be a Hans Wagner⁹ or a railroad conductor. I remember that both of them were very important."

The fact was that the politicians began to dream about Ike as a candidate long before he himself ever dreamed of the presidency. In 1948 he turned down substantial support for first the Republican and then the Democratic nominations. After Dewey's defeat, Ike was approached by a group of badly shaken Republican brasshats, who were beginning to fear that the G.O.P. might go out of existence unless it got a winner—and that with it would go the two-party system and all chances of ending centralized, New Deal government. Said the G.O.P. men: "We might have to use you." And they asked Ike to keep his availability open and his mouth shut.

Ike heeded only half the request, but he decided that if a political movement was building under him, it was his duty to speak out and make his position clear. As president of Columbia, he expounded his philosophy of free enterprise in a series of speeches ranging from New York to Texas. He stopped talking abruptly when Harry Truman called him back into uniform to set up SHAPE in January 1951. But the political movement bubbled and boiled at home until, at the end of 1951, Ike told his U.S. backers that he would be willing to try for the nomination.

He flew home into the arms of a campaign organization that is half enthusiastically amateur and half coolly professional. Massachusetts' Senator Henry Cabot Lodge Jr. is its No. 1 man and coordinator. He is no great shakes as a political organizer or strategist, but he has skillfully managed to keep the diverse elements of the Ike drive in one camp (e.g., the New York Deweyites and the Westerners like Lodge slightly better than they like each other). The others on Ike's strategy board are Paul Hoffman, General Lucius Clay, Kansas' Senator Frank Carlson, Tom Dewey and Pennsylvania's Senator Jim Duff. The tough essential job of collaring delegates is left to the calloused hands of Dewey's 1948 campaign manager, Herbert Brownell.

"I Don't Suppose It Matters." Ike Eisenhower must win more delegates to win the nomination, and Ike knows it. On the way from Kansas City to Abilene, Ike doggedly went through the train to shake hands with his boosters and some 50 Midwestern delegates who were aboard. For the most part, these were already technically his delegates, but the open-handed, hearty, Eisenhower charm turned many into glowing enthusiasts. When

⁹ Abilene High's Centerfield Eisenhower was aiming high: Pittsburgh Pirates Shortstop Honus Wagner, an alltime great, led National League batting for eight years, batted .300 or better for 17 consecutive years, went to bat 10,427 times (in league games), scored 1,740 runs.

IKE GIVES SOME ANSWERS

"The press conference," wrote Columnist Walter Lippmann this week, "has become an institution . . . for overcoming that growing threat to honest journalism, the ghost-written speech and the public-relations facade . . . In its fullest modern development [it] is an ordeal which searches a man's personality far more deeply than it does his principles and his policies." The words were especially true in the case of Ike Eisenhower, and it was Ike's character that won the week with newsmen. But Ike's press conferences also produced answers on policies & principles. Samples:

❑ **Foreign Policy:** He would "go any place in this world" to talk to Stalin if he thought it would do any good, but nothing is negotiable as long as the Soviet Union uses "subversion, bribery, corruption [and] threat of force . . . to try to destroy our form of government." He believes the loss of Western Europe would put the U.S. "in mortal danger," and favors a more dynamic U.S. foreign policy.

❑ **Korea:** "I do not have any prescription for bringing the thing to a decisive end . . . I believe we have got to stand firm and take every possible step we can to reduce our losses, and try to get a decent armistice out of it . . . There has been built up behind the Yalu River a very definite air strength that would make very dangerous any attempt to end the war at this moment, until we have a bigger buildup of our own." But he implies that he would favor counterattacks on China "if I am attacked in a broad way by anything that you can call a nationalistic attack."

❑ **China:** "I do not know who is to blame for the loss of China. I do know that the diplomatic triumphs of that period, if any, were claimed by the party in power. The party in power, therefore, has to take some responsibility for any losses we have suffered . . . When we see 400 million people falling under the domination of this Communistic dictatorship . . . it is a diplomatic, or let us say, an international disaster of the first magnitude."

❑ **FEPC:** He would not endorse the current FEPC program because he objects to its "federal, compulsory" nature. But he gives small comfort to

the advocates of segregation, promises "my unalterable support of fairness and equality among all types of American citizens. I believe that insofar as the Federal Government has any influence or any constitutional authority in this field, all of its means, all of its expenditures, all of its policies should adhere firmly and without any kind of equivocation to that principle . . ."

❑ **Federal Aid to Education:** He opposes a law which puts "Washington bureaucracy" into education, because "education is one of those local functions that we should guard jealously . . . [But] I think that there is a certain level of education that is absolutely necessary . . . When we can show when any particular section does not have the proper, adequate means to educate its children to that level, I would certainly be in favor of help to that specific area."

❑ **Socialized Medicine:** "I do believe that every American has a right to decent medical care, [but] I am against socialization . . . and submitting our lives toward a control that would lead inevitably to socialism."

❑ **The President's Powers:** As he sees it, Congress is the agency which should first decide when the nation is in a national emergency. It should also empower the President in advance to act in an emergency. Thus empowered, the Chief Executive should have the right "to act decisively when single action and quick action is demanded." This does not mean that Ike agrees with Harry Truman's seizure of steel, because there is a "vast difference" between a real emergency "and what we were discussing in the steel difficulty."

Ike came to Mr. and Mrs. John Hayes of Hutchinson, Kans., he said, to their delight: "I don't suppose it matters to you, but it matters to me. I played baseball in Hutchinson on May 15, 1909."

He was even better when he stood in the corner of the living room in Charlie Case's house in Abilene and shook hands down the long, long line. To an Abilene man who had been in the homecoming parade Ike said: "Say, you did a swell job!" To a young man introduced as a veteran, Ike gave the big grip and shouted above the din: "You look like a damn soldier." To an Iowan delegate who wanted to know if he was a me-too candidate, Ike was blunt: "If they say I'm me-tooing just because I want to keep the good things that have been done in the last 20 years while I'm throwing out the bad things—if that's me-too, why they can go to hell."

Mamie, with a cool eye for business, was a great help. When Ike was getting ready to start out on one of his hand-shaking tours Mamie told him: "Tell the girls—I mean the ladies—to come on back here and I'll talk to them." A man from Missouri rode up to the sixth floor of the Sunflower to report proudly that Missouri probably would go 22 for Ike and four for Taft. Said Mamie: "What's the matter with those four? Let's work on them."

Ike and Mamie both felt like seasoned campaigners when they flew into New York for their second major political welcome. Tom Dewey greeted them at the airport and drove them across Manhattan in his limousine to Ike's New York residence, the president's house at Columbia University.

On Sunday the Eisenhowers slipped off to the 11 a.m. service at the interdenominational Riverside Church, stopped after the sermon to chat with the minister, Dr. Robert J. McCracken. Ten minutes after they got back home, Pennsylvania's Governor John Fine arrived for lunch and a political conference (see below) which lasted nearly four hours. After that the delegate parade was on: by the end of the week, when he makes his Detroit speech, Ike will have shaken the hands of some 500 delegates from 18 states.

The Real Measure. Some of Ike's managers wildly claimed that their candidate had picked up 50 Taft delegates in Abilene alone. Such claims were wishful thinking, of which there is a lot in the Eisenhower camp. But in his short first week, Ike had certainly struck a spark in his own followers. Ikemen, who had hoped—before Abilene—that they might win, now fanned across the U.S., convinced that they must.

But the real measure of Ike's first days in politics stretched beyond handshakes, delegate counts and party workers. By laying down the values and convictions of his own faith, Ike Eisenhower had already done much to lift the 1952 political campaign toward his own high level of character. For that, win or lose, the U.S. could be grateful.

"Courting"

A big black Cadillac limousine pulled up in front of the president's house at Columbia University, and out popped a man who is temporarily one of the most powerful political figures in the U.S.: Pennsylvania's Governor John S. Fine. He went right in. One lunch and more than three hours later, John Fine stepped out the front door with Ike Eisenhower, and they smilingly posed for pictures.



GOVERNOR FINE & HOST
Pressure is not the word.

Associated Press

Then the host slipped back into the house and the reporters went after the departing guest.

What had Fine and Ike talked about? "Practical politics," said Fine, obviously pleased with all this. "I never discuss anything else but." Had he made any commitments? None. But he had agreed to Ike's suggestion that Pennsylvania's 70 delegates and 70 alternates get together this week at the Eisenhower farm outside Gettysburg, Pa. for a picnic. Who will give the party? "Eisenhower," said Fine firmly. But there wouldn't be any announcement then on how the Pennsylvania delegation stands. The delegates were going to meet with Senator Taft later. Fine didn't know just when he would commit himself, but the candidates would be told "as soon as I make up my mind." Chuckling, Fine mused that what he is going through is probably "courting," rather than "pressure."

Then a reporter asked a logical question. Had Fine talked patronage with Ike? Fine, who might control the Republican nomination because he controls the vote of 32 of the uncommitted Pennsylvania delegates, answered quickly: "No sir, we didn't discuss it at all. Personally, I am interested in principles, not patronage." He paused, and then added: "At this time,"

No Clicks, 14 Delegates

For weeks pundits had been adjusting their political Geiger counters to pick up every psychological click from South Dakota's Republican primary. Those 14 delegates were important, everyone agreed, but the bigger prize was the effect on voters everywhere of victory in the last state primary.

Last week, after the votes were counted, the pundits could detect little, if any,

psychological radiation. The vote was almost a standoff: Taft, 64,619; Ike, 64,004. Ike carried 38 counties, Taft 30. Taft's power in the rural areas, enhanced by his speeches for farm price supports and against universal military training, was largely offset by Ike's strength in the cities.

The Taft forces' leader, former State Supreme Court Justice Charles R. Hayes of Deadwood, commented somewhat sadly: "Certainly we claim victory . . . But it isn't what we had hoped for." Eisenhower's supporters were quick to point out that this was in Taft's Midwest stronghold, where he should win if he could win anywhere. Ike's show of strength, without a personal campaign and without his name on the ballot, was a "moral victory," they said. But Ike, now home to speak for himself, took a different view: "I don't understand moral victories. When you go to war, it's win or lose."

After the national speculation about South Dakota and psychology, the Republican voters had put their primary right back in its place: a contest for delegates. Bob Taft was the winner even if his margin was only 615 votes. There were 14 delegates to be had in South Dakota, and he had them.

Road Signs in California

By the time the votes were counted in California's Republican primary last week, two political road signs were clear: Governor Earl Warren's fortunes are going down, Senator William Knowland's are going up. But no one could be entirely sure where California's 70 important delegates to the Republican National Convention will go.

Earl Warren, who did not do well with his primary forays in Wisconsin and Oregon, ran into trouble in his own state. He won the presidential-preference vote and California's 70 delegates, but he did not win handily; a slate with nothing to offer except opposition to Warren got more than half a million votes. The anti-Warren slate's in-name-only candidate for President was Representative Thomas H. Werdel of Bakersfield. His chief cry: War-

ren suggests a vote for Eisenhower, and all the delegates go as they are now leaning, the count will be 56 for Ike, 14 for Taft.

With these results to consider, politicians began to revise their thinking about California. Earl Warren has dim prospects as a compromise candidate in a situation that seems more & more to be a straight Ike-Taft contest. California's more promising figure now is Knowland, who has the bark & grain of vice-presidential timber.*

Assistant publisher of his father's Oakland daily *Tribune* and an ex-state senator, Knowland was appointed to the Senate by Warren in August 1945, while he was still serving as an Army major in Paris. Named to the seat vacated by Hiram Johnson's death, he was elected to a full term in 1946. He has long advocated a strong U.S. policy in the Far East, including more aid to Chiang and more force against the Communists. This, and his charge that the State Department's Far Eastern policy was "bankrupt," caused

ren suggests a vote for Eisenhower, and all the delegates go as they are now leaning, the count will be 56 for Ike, 14 for Taft.

But leaning delegates do not always fall the way they are inclined. A case in point is that of Delegate John J. Garland, wealthy Los Angeles realtor, brother-in-law of Publisher Norman Chandler of the Los Angeles *Times* and *Mirror*. Garland is a Warrenite, but favors Taft as a second choice. This is largely because Garland owes his position on the delegation to his relationship with Chandler, and Chandler is for Taft. However, Mrs. Garland (Chandler's sister) is for Ike, and so are Mrs. Chandler and some other members of the family who own stock in the papers. The Chandler family compromise has been to have the *Times* plug for Taft, the *Mirror* for Ike. With pressures of that kind at work, Garland could well be tipped from Taftward to Ikeward before the balloting starts.

There will be plenty of pressure on the California delegates from now until Warren frees the delegation in Chicago. Last week Ike's California strategists sat for eight hours in a room at San Francisco's Palace Hotel, drinking coffee, eating buttered snails and planning a four-week splurge that may even make California's eyes pop. They will bombard the delegates with mail and telegrams, have helicopters drop out of the sky to pick up signatures on Ike petitions, and otherwise seek to show that the voters want Ike. There is talk that some of the pros from the Eisenhower headquarters want to move into California to work on delegates, but the local volunteers are trying to hold them off. They say that the California delegation is of too high a type to welcome approaches by professional politicians.

The Taft forces, officially inactive until after the primary, are beginning to move on a quieter but no less intense basis. Their main effort will be along the line that the snail-eating Californians-for-Ike deplore—personal buttonholing. They will try to convince the delegates that Taft really can win in November, and that Ike is just a public hero who can't take the Party's case to the people.

The primary is over, but the battle of California is just beginning.

To Compromise, Or Not?

With the angry cries of feuding Republicans still echoing from Texas, Bob Taft last week talked of compromise. To avoid a floor fight at the national convention, said Taft, "I'd like to compromise all delegate contests where there seems to be a difference of legal opinion . . . We'll give in where our case is weak, if they'll give in where their case is weak." But he added that the Eisenhower forces are "trying to make an issue" out of the Texas case. Said he: "I think they'd rather have the issue than the delegates."

Ike's campaign manager, Massachusetts' Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, turned down the Taft offer, issued a smug and cocky



Gordon Peters—San Francisco Chronicle

WINNERS WARREN & KNOWLAND

The people's choice: the "Senator from Formosa."

ren is not really a candidate for President, but wants to deal for a place in a national Republican administration.

Ten Years of Enemies. The political enemies that Warren had made in nearly ten years as governor—Republicans who don't like his bipartisanship, doctors who dislike his compulsory state health insurance proposals, oilmen who oppose his state gasoline tax—lined up behind Werdel who had lots of money to spend on the campaign. California observers who understand what Warren was up against consider that he did well to poll 997,609 votes against Werdel's 509,205. But outside the state, what will register is the size of the vote against Warren.

Inevitably, the Warren-Werdel contest was compared with the startling performance of Warren's political protégé, 43-year-old Senator William Knowland. In the Republican senatorial primary, Knowland rolled up a total of 1,499,290 votes to 185,827 for two opponents. Under California's weird cross-filing system, Knowland also won the Democratic primary, is thus fully assured of re-election in November. Knowland's total vote, 2,450,435, was more than any other political candi-

date ever got in California primaries. With these results to consider, politicians began to revise their thinking about California. Earl Warren has dim prospects as a compromise candidate in a situation that seems more & more to be a straight Ike-Taft contest. California's more promising figure now is Knowland, who has the bark & grain of vice-presidential timber.*

The Leaneers. While the primary thus changed the focus on Warren and Knowland, it only fuzzed the picture on the route California's 70 delegates will follow after Warren releases them. Warren, partly in answer to Werdel's deal charge, has insisted that he will not attempt to swing the delegates one way or another if he no longer has a chance to be nominated. But Warren is known to favor Ike.

Careful political observers who have inspected Warren's 70 say that at least 30 are firmly for Eisenhower as a second choice, at least four are solidly for Taft, and 15 will follow Warren's suggestion. The rest lean one way or another. If War-

* Knowland could run for both Vice President and Senator at the same time, despite a California law which prohibits a man from seeking two offices in one election. Reason: votes for Vice President are, technically, cast for electors and not for the candidate. There is precedent for the dual candidacy: Democrat John Nance Garner ran both for Congress and the vice-presidency in November 1932.

statement: "It is never right to compromise with dishonesty. We are in the right, both on the facts and on the law, and will enter into no deals which will disenfranchise the Republicans of Texas. The convention itself will decide the issue and I have no doubt about its decision."

Low & Rule. In Texas, the Eisenhower forces' case is based on the law and the rules of the Republican Party. Texas law permits political parties to establish their own rules for participation in precinct caucuses. The only qualification set by the pro-Taft Republican organization: the voter had to sign a pledge that "I am a Republican and desire to participate in Republican activities in 1952." Voters who carried the precinct caucuses for Ike had signed the statement.

Taftmen agree that the pledge was signed, but they contend that many of the signatures were fraudulent. As evidence that the Ike forces openly sought Democratic votes, Taft Campaign Manager David S. Ingalls produced newspaper advertisements in which Eisenhower supporters urged Democrats to sign the pledge and attend Republican caucuses. The ads promised: "You are not pledged to support the nominee of the Republican Party nor does it prohibit you from voting in the July Democratic primary . . ." As a result of this proposition, said Ingalls, Democrats moved into the Republican Party and tried to control its delegation to the national convention.

Evidence & Principle. In states where political parties are evenly balanced, it is not easy to take seriously the fear that one party will try to control the other. But in states such as Texas, the threat that members of the larger party will grab control of the smaller is always present. It is by no means established that this is, in fact, what happened in Texas. The bulk of the evidence suggests that most Ike voters were acting in good faith, were disgusted with the Fair Deal and saw Ike as the candidate most likely to turn the Democrats out of Washington.

This, however, is a question of evidence (not of principle) that may be hard to establish, especially before professional politicians, who are inclined to look askance at efforts of "interlopers" to snatch their organizations. Add to that difficulty the fact that Taft forces will probably control the convention's Credentials Committee, and the Taft position appears a formidable one. Maybe Lodge has enough evidence and enough votes to win a credentials fight on the convention floor—and maybe he hasn't.

When he was first told of Taft's compromise comment, Eisenhower said: "Gee, that sounds good." Later, he explained that he had not really understood the proposal, and he moved nearer to Lodge's position. But in Eisenhower's instinctive first reaction there may have been sounder political judgment than there was in Lodge's sharp turnaround. There are times when a litigant, although certain that principle is on his side, finds it highly practical to settle out of court.



ESTES KEFAUVER AT WHITE HOUSE
Softly as Daniel Boone.
Associated Press

DEMOCRATS

Wait & See

Any resemblance between the Democratic and Republican pre-convention campaigns of 1952 is purely coincidental and probably misleading. The G.O.P. is staging a two-man fight for delegates with the lines very sharply drawn and seven-eighths of the delegates committed. Because this fight has attracted more public attention, there is a tendency to regard the Democratic contest as the same kind of a race and to overemphasize the count of delegates in that party.

The Democrats are in a far more fluid state—and will probably remain that way until after the end of the Republican convention. The great majority of Democratic delegates are in a wait-and-see state

of mind. For one reason or another, the Democratic blocs are not building up emotional heads of steam. The Russell group is primarily interested in a bargaining position which will head off a platform or a candidate unacceptable to the South. The Stevenson group is held in suspension by their man's refusal to say that he is a candidate. The Harriman people are simply getting into position for decisions that will not be made until just before or after the convention meets.

Who's the Enemy? Kefauver is the candidate whose effort most nearly resembles a straight struggle for delegates. Last week, after he picked up 68 delegates from California and eight from South Dakota, he claimed a total strength of about 300. Yet even the Kefauver people know that Truman and the other party leaders will go into the convention in control of 700 or more votes which Kefauver probably cannot touch unless the leaders decide to hand them to him.

Such a decision will be based largely on what the Republicans do. If Taft is the candidate, perhaps Stevenson will find the nomination far more attractive. He can oppose the Senator on both foreign and domestic policy. Harriman will also look a lot better if Taft is the G.O.P. candidate. Both the Harriman name and the Harriman fortune are political liabilities, but these will be less important if he is running against a man who has been smeared for years as a reactionary.

Kefauver, on the other hand, will appear at his worst if he is stacked against Taft. His anti-crime crusader's halo will look a little dull if he is compared with the monument of civic rectitude from Ohio. Kefauver's extreme "internationalism," his Atlantic Union background, will make Taft's foreign policy look like sober sense to a lot of voters.

Keef v. Ike? On the other hand, the Democratic leaders may decide to let Keef run if Ike is the G.O.P. candidate. The Democrats believe they have less chance of beating Ike in any kind of campaign, and they may conclude that their last hope will lie in the kind of slam-bang campaign that Keef can put over.

In the foxy head under Keef's coonskin cap is the knowledge that he cannot win the nomination without support from the top party leaders. On the hustings, he attacks political machines, but when he approaches the White House door he treats as softly as Daniel Boone stalking a doe.

Last week Keef saw Truman and then told reporters that the President was neutral. He did not complain that Truman should support him because there were more delegates in the Kefauver column than any other. Said Kefauver: "I think that [neutrality] is the proper attitude for him to take."

The Democrats at this moment are undecided, but they are not confused and they are not bitterly divided. They have no really hot candidate, but they have a fair string of possibilities from whom they can choose the one best suited to match the Republican choice.

DELEGATE BOX SCORE

Senator Taft pulled further ahead of General Eisenhower last week in the race for delegates to Chicago. Taft is expected to get the 13 still to be selected (3 in Puerto Rico, 10 in Illinois). The situation at week's end:

Republicans (Total: 1,206; needed to nominate: 604):

Taft	450
Eisenhower	388
Stassen	26
McKeldin	24
Warren	76
MacArthur	3
Contested	71
Not committed	155
Still to be chosen	13

Democrats (Total: 1,230; needed to nominate: 616):

Kefauver	230½
Harriman	86½
Russell	43½
Williams	40
Kerr	33
Others	116
Contested	52
Not committed	329
Still to be chosen	259½

POLITICS

Conventions

The Republican state convention at Indianapolis last week disposed of the last large bloc of votes to be chosen before the national convention. To no one's surprise, the convention chose 30 Taft and two Eisenhower supporters (both from pro-Ike Indianapolis). When the convention ordered all 32 to vote as a unit for Taft, the two Ikemen announced that they would disregard the instruction.

Other Republican conventions:

¶ In the District of Columbia, a gathering composed almost entirely of cliff dwellers (native Washingtonians) voted

on the subject of the nation's strength in the air. Republican Bob Taft had charged that U.S. airpower had been allowed to deteriorate, and had argued that the U.S. could save money and build better defenses by concentrating on a big Air Force. "Nonsense," said Harry Truman. The nation's air preparation has moved forward steadily, is on schedule, with 91 wings operating, four more almost ready to go. Getting on to the next point, Truman barked that people who talk about saving money on the defense program "are just doing it for strictly political purposes—political propaganda, political hokey, and that's all it amounts to."

What Truman seemed to have forgot-

move or loosen federal economic controls. After beating down proposals to abolish price ceilings and to shift rent controls to localities, a Senate majority seemed ready to approve extension of the Defense Production Act until March 1, 1953.

¶ Passed a \$1.5 billion Agriculture Department appropriation bill for fiscal 1953. In the debate, New Mexico's Senator Clinton P. Anderson, once a New Deal Secretary of Agriculture, moved that soil conservation benefits to farmers be cut from \$250 million to \$150 million. Motion defeated, 35 to 23.

The Senate and the House:

¶ Passed and sent to the President a compromise bill authorizing \$6.5 billion for the global Mutual Security Program.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Big Talker

Alexander S. Panyushkin, Russia's Ambassador to the U.S., was in a rare, talkative mood. He told newsmen who had gathered outside Dean Acheson's office that he was "supremely happy." What about? The pale-faced ambassador looked surprised that the reporter hadn't already heard; he was going back to the Soviet Union, leaving the U.S. "forever." It was the most positive statement Panyushkin had made in his 4½ years in the U.S.

To replace Panyushkin, the Russians last week proposed Georgy N. Zarubin, until last week Soviet Ambassador to Great Britain. Zarubin, who first came to the U.S. in 1939 as assistant commissar general of the Soviet exhibit at the New York World's Fair, was Ambassador to Canada when Soviet spies were caught redhanded stealing atom-bomb secrets. The Canadian Royal Commission later cleared him, produced an exchange of messages between the chief Soviet spy in Canada and his Kremlin boss which indicated that Zarubin was not to be informed of the spy ring in his own embassy.

In Washington, State Department officials emphasized that the shift appeared routine. Whoever serves as Soviet Ambassador to Washington may well be only the embassy's titular head, with the real power in the hands of someone more obscure.

Last week, 10½ years to the day after the attack on Pearl Harbor, the U.S. also welcomed its first postwar Japanese ambassador, a political unknown, Eiichi Araki.*

No stranger to the U.S., Araki served in both the '20s and '30s in New York as an official of the Bank of Japan. In 1945 he became a vice-governor of the bank, a fact which put him on MacArthur's purge list. He was depurged in 1950. Araki tried to turn down the Washington appointment on the ground that he was not a diplomat, but Premier Yoshida insisted that Araki's financial experience was required in the main business of the embassy: straighten-

* No kin to convicted war criminal General Sadao Araki, who directed Japan's 1931 conquest of Manchuria, served in 1938-39 as Japan's Minister of Education.



AMBASSADOR ARAKI, DAUGHTER (CENTER) & GREETER*
Too polite for golf.

overwhelmingly to give all 6 of the city's delegates to Taft supporters.

¶ In Virginia, a district convention elected two uncommitted delegates. Together with previous selections, that completed the state's delegation at 11 for Taft, one for Ike, 11 uncommitted. Most of the uncommitted delegates are believed to be leaning toward Taft.

Among the Democrats:

¶ In Rhode Island, 20 uncommitted delegates (with 12 votes) were elected.

¶ In Maryland, 36 delegates (with 18 votes) were elected and pledged to Kefauver, winner of the state's May 5 primary.

THE PRESIDENCY

Forgotten History

Harry Truman, who regards himself as something of an expert on history, last week seemed to have forgotten some of the not-too-distant past.

In Springfield, Mo. for the annual reunion of the 35th Division, Old Artilleryman Truman came out with guns blazing

ten: in 1948 the Republican 80th Congress approved a 70-group Air Force, but Harry Truman insisted that 48 was enough. In 1949, still maintaining that 48 was plenty, he "placed in reserve" \$615 million that Congress had appropriated to get 58 groups going. One big reason Truman gave at that time: Such a big expenditure on the Air Force might be too great a strain on the domestic economy.

THE CONGRESS

Work Done

Last week the House caught up with most of its schedule. Main business: by 361 to 1, it passed a Bill of Rights for veterans of the Korean war. Educational, readjustment and other social benefits (similar to though less liberal than those granted World War II G.I.s) will cost an estimated \$1 billion a year.

The Senate:

¶ Rejected Republican-led moves to re-
* Mrs. Ryujii Takeuchi, wife of Japan's minister in Washington.

ing out Japan's debt to the U.S. and arranging for loans from the U.S. Government.

An old-school Japanese, Araki is so polite that he finds it almost impossible to finish 18 holes of golf in a day because he keeps asking others to pass him. He wears a kimono at home and prefers to sleep on a straw mat on the floor. To cook for him and act as his official hostess (he is a widower), the new ambassador brought along his 20-year-old daughter Tomiko, a shy, pretty girl who speaks little English, prefers Western dress. Tomiko is due for some surprises: she prepared herself for her trip to the U.S. by plowing determinedly through works of Faulkner, Dos Passos, Hemingway and Sinclair Lewis.

Sippenhaft

Like thousands of other German youngsters, Hilde Speer, a button-bright 16-year-old student at Heidelberg's Elisabeth von Thadden School, would like nothing better than a chance to go to an American school. She saw her chance last spring in a notice in the local paper: a number of German youngsters were going to be sent to the U.S. as exchange students. Hilde wrote a letter stating her reason for wanting to go: "I want to become acquainted with the people [of the U.S.], the poor as well as the rich, the land, the big cities, and the many problems of America." Last week, after two interviews, a U.S. cultural officer in Germany wrote Hilde the good news: she had been chosen as one of 27 students from her area to be given an all-expense-paid trip to the U.S. Breathlessly, Hilde began to prepare for the big adventure.

Then State Department officials in Washington made an embarrassing discovery: Hilde's father is Albert Speer, an architect and administrative genius who became head of Germany's economic mobilization in 1942; he is now serving 20

years as a convicted war criminal. Last week the department took Hilde's name off the list. Officials explained that they were not prejudiced against the girl on account of her father's past, but merely wanted to save her from painful embarrassment. It cited recent instances where social invitations to German exchange students in the Midwest were cancelled after newspapers carried unfavorable stories about them. Said a U.S. State Department man in Germany: "Can you imagine what would happen when those nasty New York reporters hollered, 'Hilde, how does it feel to have your old man a war criminal?'"

Hilde got the news that she had been turned down, not from the State Department, but from reporters. She said that she was "very surprised and a little mixed up," and wondered how she would tell her classmates.

Her classmates and everyone else in Germany know a word nastier than a possible question by a New York reporter. The word is *Sippenhaft*, and it means, roughly, "family liability." It was widely used in Hitler's day when men, women & children were punished because they had anti-Nazi relatives.

The U.S. State Department does not believe in *Sippenhaft*, but its position in the case of Hilde Speer will convince a lot of Germans that it does.

TAXES

The Unhappy Chiropractor

As a man already dedicated to a lifetime of playing *Dieux* on the human spine, slim, soft-spoken Victor Meyers gave little thought to worldly matters during 1921; at that point he was about to graduate from the Riley School of Chiropractic in Washington, D.C., and to go forth seeking his first sacroiliac. Consequently, when a fraternity brother named Bert offered to wise him up, he listened appreciatively. "You ought to move to Virginia," said Bert. "They don't pay any federal taxes over there. You only have to pay 'em if you live in the District or work for the Government."

The new doc followed Bert's advice. He opened an office in Washington, but when he got married he bought a house across the Potomac in Arlington County. He paid Virginia state income taxes, and, in fact, eventually became a good friend of the state tax collector. When one of his daughters grew up and began filing federal income tax returns, he helped her fill them out. But for 30 years, Chiropractor Meyers never paid a cent of federal income tax himself. Bert's misinformation had "cooed" in his mind.

At least, that is what the doc said when an income-tax agent dropped into his office a few months ago, and interrupted his three decades of bliss by asking to see his income-tax returns for 1948, '49 and '50.

"Certainly," the doc said, reaching for a drawer full of state income-tax forms.

"I don't mean those," the agent said. "I mean federal tax returns."



Walter Bennett

TAXPAYER MEYERS

Mental cocoon or preposterous fraud?

"Oh, I don't have to pay federal taxes," said Meyers smugly. "I live in Virginia."

"People in Virginia have to pay federal income taxes too," the agent assured him. For a dreadful moment it was so quiet in the office that you could hear a tendon snap. "You're kidding," gasped the doc. But everyone thought the doc was kidding. Last week in federal court, even his own lawyer suggested that his story was "fantastic." The judge cried "Preposterous!" and fined him \$5,000.

Even worse, the Bureau of Internal Revenue asked the doc for back taxes. The T-men calculated that he owed them \$22,000. At week's end, the doc was still protesting that he had committed no fraud. "I think the Government is partly to blame . . ." he cried. "Why did they let me go on like this for 30 years, anyway?"

SEQUELS

Justice, but Not in Cicero

In the rioting that swept the all-white Chicago suburb of Cicero when a Negro family tried to move into a local apartment (TIME, July 23), four town officials were flagrant accomplices of the mob. Police Chief Erwin Konovsky warned the Negroes to stay out of Cicero; two other policemen evicted them from the building in advance of the rioting; Town Attorney Nicholas Berkos conspired with police against the unwanted visitors. In Chicago last week, Cicero's four were convicted of crimes carrying maximum penalties of up to two years in prison.

The cops and town attorney were convicted of misdemeanors under a 1948 Federal statute "against depriving citizens of civil rights." The town authorities have taken no effective action against the 126 rioters arrested after the uproar was put down by National Guardsmen. The Negro family involved is living in Cicero, and Cicero is still an all-white town.



HILDE SPEER

Nasty questions or a nasty name?

NEWS IN PICTURES



EISENHOWER'S HOMECOMING, for first major political speech, provided news photographers with an album of traditional campaign

pictures: local boy gets hero's welcome, meets the press, confers with national leaders, gets together with old friends (above, Dave Chase).



PRESS CONFERENCE, under glare of TV lights set up in Abilene's Plaza Theater, pitted presidential candidate against 300 newsmen.



Ralph Crane—Live

MAIN STREET PARADE featured floats depicting highlights of Ike's career, was seen by Eisenhower from marquee of Sunflower Hotel.



Associated Press

GOVERNORS-FOR-EISENHOWER note was struck at informal meeting with Oregon's McKay, Kansas' Arn and Colorado's Thornton.

INTERNATIONAL

BERLIN

Besieged City

The late afternoon crowds pushed and jostled past the well-stocked shops of the Kurfurstendamm, or loafed in its sidewalk cafés over mountainous sundaes and cool drinks. The Busch Circus, set up in tents nearby, advertised a "Swedish Tarzan" and eight ferocious tigers. Along Onkel Tom Strasse* in the U.S. sector, Berliners strolled through a fragrant snowfall of locust blossoms. Plump, healthy-looking children cavorted atop West Berlin's "Mountain of Tears," a huge pile of rubble.

"Do you notice any nervousness?" asked West Berlin Mayor Ernst Reuter proudly. If there was any last week among West Berlin's besieged 2,000,000 it was not apparent.

Harassments. With practiced eye, they measured the new Communist insults and harassments, and decided that the Russians did not intend war. There were incidents aplenty. Nightly there were isolated shootings and Communist kidnappings. An East German policeman slightly wounded an American MP at one border point. Dial telephone service between East and West sectors had been cut off by the Communists. As many as 800 refugees a day fled from East Germany to join West Berlin's 290,000 jobless.

The Communists suddenly confronted the U.S. and Britain with huge bills (\$4 million for the U.S., \$4,650,000 for the British) for telephone & telegraph service between West Berlin and West Germany, as they had during the 1948 Berlin blockade, and demanded daily instead of the routine monthly payments on all rail freight charges. West Berliners were delighted by a tit-for-tat British gesture: surrounding for seven days a Communist radio station in the British sector with barbed wire and a cordon of tam-o'-shattered Scottish troops, trapping inside 40 East Germans and 20 Russian soldiers.

Hanging On. The Russians still had not made the big plunge—a blockade of the railways, canals and *Autobahn* which are West Berlin's lifeline to the West. There was no noticeable hoarding of groceries (the city has three to six months' supply on hand), no flight of capital to West Germany, almost no talk of another airlift (although there are plans in U.S. files). In garden plots where they had grown potatoes last time, West Berliners were growing flowers.

"The danger for us lies not here," tough-minded Mayor Reuter told West Berliners last week, "but it lies in the fact that outside Berlin, opinion might gain ground that Berlin is endangered, and there no longer is any use supporting it."

* Part of the Onkel Tom quarter of Berlin, which got its name from a book which became as well known in Europe as in its native setting—Harriet Beecher Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

WAR IN KOREA

Eleventh-Hour Reprieve

At 10:30 one morning last week, 77-year-old Syngman Rhee called his cabinet together and prepared to spring the trap on representative government in South Korea. He told his ministers he planned to dissolve the Assembly, which opposes him, amend the constitution, and seek his re-election by direct vote of the people, whom he manipulates through a tough police force and a controlled press. Rhee's chief crony, Lee Bum Suk, the Home Minister, supported the move. The end of Korea's infant parliament was set for noon.

With only an hour to spare, U.S. Charge d'Affaires Allan Lightner strode in to hand



SYNGMAN RHEE
What's in the fine print?

Rhee a note from Harry Truman. What the U.S. President told his Korean ally was not made public, but it was enough to deter Rhee.

In Sanctuary. But Rhee had other schemes. He ordered his 52 followers in the 183-member Assembly to boycott sessions to prevent a quorum. His police grabbed eleven anti-Rhee Assemblymen, locked them up in a dilapidated house in a Pusan slum, and tried, unsuccessfully, to get 15 more anti-Rhee parliamentarians to come in for "questioning." Scared opposition Assemblymen huddled in the sanctuary of their barnlike meeting hall, sleeping on bedrolls and benches.

In a Pusan courtroom, nine of Rhee's army officers put Assemblyman Suh Min Ho on trial, accused him of murdering a South Korean army captain. Suh's lawyer told the court-martial that his client had shot in self-defense and had been acquitted by the Assembly. Suh is not very pop-

ular with South Korean army brass since he brought to light a half-million-dollar embezzlement scandal in Rhee's army.

In Hospital. Rhee's highhanded ways stirred up protests all over. Australia, Britain and France, all of whom have troops fighting in Korea, sent stiff notes. U.S. Ambassador John Muccio, hurrying back from an interrupted U.S. vacation, spent almost two hours telling Rhee in fuller detail what was on Harry Truman's mind. U.N. Secretary General Trygve Lie sent a note pleading for "strict adherence to constitutional and democratic processes." Rhee's followers became a little nervous over a hush-hush "patient" in a U.S. Army hospital, just 400 yards from the Korean Assembly hall. There, under U.S. protection, lives John Myun Chang, recently Premier of Korea and onetime Korean representative to the U.N. Chang, U.S.-educated (M.A. from New York's Manhattan College, 1926), is sometimes spoken of as a successor to Rhee. Ostensibly he is being treated for an old case of jaundice.

This week, beset on all sides, tough old Syngman Rhee proposed a deal. He said he would let the Assembly elect the next President by June 23 (as provided in the constitution) if the Assembly agreed to permit the popular election of future Presidents. On the surface, this offer looked good, but the suspicious Assembly—with eleven of its members still under Rhee's arrest—wanted to take a hard look at the fine print.

Hands Up

Brigadier General Haydon Lemaire ("Bull") Boatner was ready for his big test on Koje Island. He intended to break up the big compounds, and he decided to start with the 6,000 hard-core North Koreans in Compound 76—the gang that engineered the abduction of Brigadier General (now Colonel) Francis T. Dodd. To impress 76's inmates, he staged a rehearsal with tanks and flamethrowers in an empty compound next to theirs. The prisoners answered by digging chest-deep trenches and continuing to turn out steel-tipped spears and other crude weapons on their hidden floor.

This week Boatner sent a message to 76's tough leader, North Korean Colonel Lee Hak Koo: "This is a legal order for you to prepare the prisoners of war in Compound 76 to move out into the newly constructed compounds . . ." Lee ignored the order. When the paratroopers of the 187th Airborne Regiment moved in, the prisoners fought tooth & nail. In the first hours of battle 32 Communists were killed and at least 85 wounded; one of the paratroopers was killed and 13 wounded. But eventually a heavy tear-gas barrage brought the Communists out of their trenches, choking and weeping, with their hands in the air. Even before the smoke and dust of battle had settled, it was clear that Bull Boatner had won.

FOREIGN NEWS



BRITAIN'S ROYAL FAMILY* WATCHING BIRTHDAY AIR DISPLAY
At the end of mourning . . .

International

GREAT BRITAIN

Queen on Horseback

In a blaze of pomp & circumstance, Britain's Royal Family ended its four-month period of mourning for King George VI. Last week all the Queen's horses* and all the Queen's men discarded the trappings of grief (black rosette for horses, black arm bands for men) and buckled on the breastplates of pageantry. The occasion was the traditional Trooping the Color in honor of Elizabeth II's 26th birthday. Actually, she became 26 last April 21, but like her December-born father agreed to celebrate in June so that her subjects would be more apt to have a sunny holiday.

Winston Balks. Five companies of Foot Guards, brave in their two-foot bearskins, scarlet tunics and white belts, wheeled in long-lined precision into Whitehall's Horse Guards Parade. Each man was polished until he shone: each had been issued a lump of barley sugar, which was supposed to stave off faintness (in at least three cases, it didn't). Sharp at 11 a.m., as the two-toned chimes of the Horse Guards' clock echoed through Downing Street, a slim, girlish figure in the cockaded tricorn, scarlet tunic and blue serge skirt of the colonel in chief of the Brigade of Guards, rode on to the parade ground, sitting sidesaddle on a 13-year-old chestnut named Winston. Elizabeth II waved a white-gloved hand to her mother, watching from an upstairs window, then took her place before the towering guardsmen. She was the first British queen since Elizabeth I (1558-1603) to review her troops on horseback: Victoria, in her youth, wanted to try horseback, but

the Duke of Wellington stuffily said no.

For one hour Queen Elizabeth sat straightbacked in her saddle as Grenadiers, Scots and Coldstream Guards marched and counter-marched. Twice Winston grew balky, turned his rump to the parade. Elizabeth leaned down, patted him gently, and with an officer's help brought him about.

* Left to right: Queen Elizabeth, Duke of Gloucester, Earl of Athlone, Prince Richard, Princess Alice (Countess of Athlone), Philip and Princess Margaret.



QUEEN ELIZABETH II
. . . a blaze of pomp.

International

Philip Scores. Trooping the Color was the week's most glittery event, but there were others, now that mourning was over. Elizabeth had cocktails at the Guards' officers mess; Philip captained his team (Cowdray Park) at polo. Brandishing his polo stick with right royal gusto, His Royal Highness clouted the opposing captain, a U.S. newsman, across the knuckles, broke two fingers. Princely apologies helped, but the victim was rushed to a hospital.

Meanwhile, Elizabeth bestowed her first titles of the reign, including four peerages, five baronetcies, 60 knighthoods. Among those elevated: Movie Director Carol (*The Third Man*) Reed and Novelist Compton (*Tight Little Island*) Mackenzie, knighthoods. A pretty planter's wife in Malaya, Mrs. Patricia Webber, who has twice been ambushed by Red guerrillas only to escape, was made a Member of the Order of the British Empire for "great courage, loyalty and cheerfulness under very adverse conditions."

At week's end, the Queen's tabarded heralds, riding in their royal coach, made their way through London's traffic-heavy streets from St. James's Palace, to Charing Cross, to Temple Bar and the Royal Exchange, to proclaim, with a fanfare of trumpets, what all her loyal subjects have long known but like to be formally told: Elizabeth will be crowned Queen in Westminster Abbey come June 2, 1953.

Exasperated Onlooker

In a London restaurant, a tweedy Englishman remarked to his dinner companion: "It's a peculiar thing about Americans, they are always letting off machine guns by mistake . . . They used to in Chicago, they did when I was with them in France, and now in Koje. Trigger-happy, I believe they call it."

In remarks such as these, and in some that were made more formally, Britons showed their heightening exasperation last

* Including her filly Stream of Light which, for the first time, wearing the Queen's colors (purple, gold, scarlet and black), won last week's Lancashire Oaks sweepstake at Manchester.

week over the Korean situation, an exasperation which most often took the form of blaming it all on the U.S. Like the run of the U.S. press, British papers took a dim view of Syngman Rhee's antics and of the Koje mess. "Rarely, if ever," said London's *News Chronicle* of Koje, "can American Army authorities have suffered so great a humiliation." Sedate journals, as they usually do, got in their licks by gently reminding their readers that the British, alas, need their impulsive U.S. friends. The leader of Britain's Socialists felt a like impulse. "There is a lot of loose talk about the U.S. from people who refer to American imperialism and similar phrases," said Clement Attlee, "but no country in history has ever made greater efforts to help other countries than the U.S. has done in the last six years."

Mixed Mind. In the House of Commons, Winston Churchill also found it necessary to point out that in Korea the U.S. is providing nine-tenths of the blood, sweat & tears. "... There is a great volume of opinion in this country that we should complete a withdrawal from Korea," cried Bevanite M.P. Emrys Hughes, a bellicose pacifist, "because the war there [is] one of the most cruel and futile in history." Since the Americans had made a mess of the P.W. situation and the Syngman Rhee affair, some Britons implied, they probably have balled up the truce negotiations just as badly.

Britain's discomfiture reflected its own mixed mind on the Far East. In abandoning its \$840 million investment in China (TIME, June 2), the British had shown a new realism about Communist China. Hong Kong itself, precarious though its position is, has recently shown more resistance to Peking pressure. Yet the British still held out the hand of diplomatic recognition to the Chinese Communists, even though their ambassador was spurned, and their Peking chargé d'affaires is treated contemptuously, referred to only as "Mr. Lamb" and given no diplomatic status.

In Copenhagen last week, Labor's ex-Foreign Secretary Herbert Morrison told Danish Socialists: "You cannot hold recognition from a government simply because you do not like it. I do admit that we have not profited from our recognition gesture . . . but it has not made me change my mind. I still think Mao should have Chiang's seat at the U.N., and when we get back into power, we are going to bring pressure to bear to that end . . ." Conservative London newspapers clucked over his indiscretion, but dissented only to the extent that Red China should not really be admitted to U.N. "while she is fighting U.N. troops in Korea."

Hurried Visit. No. 10 Downing Street itself was not immune to the discontent over Korea. Finding the military posture there "very grave," Winston Churchill decided to hurry up Defense Minister Lord Alexander's fact-finding mission to Korea (TIME, June 9). Alexander canceled an inspection tour of West Germany to make the flight this week. Churchill added two



© Bill and Jean Newton
LORD ALEXANDER
For the first good look.

Foreign Office men to the mission, Minister of State Selwyn Lloyd and the ministry's top China hand, Robert H. Scott. Alexander will talk to the generals, Lloyd to Rhee and the politicians.

Alexander's visit will be the first to Korea by any British minister since the war began. Armed with Alexander's report, Churchill plans to demand a far bigger voice for Britain in plans which up to now, although they affect all 17 countries fighting under the U.N. flag in Korea, have been directed solely by the U.S. Pentagon and State Department.

And Then There Was One

Everybody in the R.A.F. had heard of Dick and David Atcherley, the flying twins. Dick was the stuntman: he clownish his way to fame in prewar days by chasing cottontail rabbits in a souped-up biplane, dragging one wingtip in the dust at 80 m.p.h. David was more conventional: he commanded a peacetime fighter squadron at the age of 34. In the Battle of Britain, the flying Atcherleys were among the famed few to whom so many owed so much. In 1950, both became Companions of the Order of the Bath.

In postwar Britain, the "terrible twins," waxing plump and still bachelors, were made air vice-marshals.* David took his jet fighter squadron to Suez to guard the Empire's lifeline; Dick took charge of the air defense of Britain's Midland counties. Last week Air Vice-Marshal David, now 48, climbed in his Meteor jet and took off for Cyprus, about 300 miles away. Somewhere in the airforce-blue waters of the peaceful Mediterranean, he crashed and drowned, leaving Air Vice-Marshal Dick to go it alone.

* The U.S.A.F.'s most famous flying twins, Lieut. General Barney and Major General Benny Giles retired in 1946.

FRANCE

Lucky Pinay

In three months in office, Premier Antoine Pinay, unspectacular but shrewd businessman, had survived half a dozen crises, stirred the dormant patriotism of the French, and won for himself the nickname "Lucky Pinay." Last week Lucky Pinay faced a crucial vote of confidence on the *échelle mobile*, a troublesome issue which had plagued his two predecessors. *Echelle mobile* is a sliding wage scale designed to hook the wages of France's low-paid workers to the cost of living.

First, Pinay accepted the *échelle mobile*, which pleased the Socialists who had proposed it. Then he set the base period on which the wage increases would be figured in such a way that there would be no pay hikes right now. This pleased the rightists, but got the Socialists and the rest of the left mad. Then he strode to the tribune in the National Assembly to make a five-minute speech. In it he spoke more about the government's tough handling of Communist riots (see below) than he did about *échelle mobile*. He laid down a challenge: "If the majority given to the government is insufficient, it will resign and leave to others the task of facing the heavy responsibilities of the hour." Faced with such an appeal, many of the doubters on all sides rallied round. Lucky Pinay got a 42-vote majority.

Medical Advice

L'Humanité, the Parisian Communist newspaper, beat the drums. Go on strike! it urged the faithful, protest the jailing of Jacques Duclos! And incidentally, wheedled *L'Humanité*, protest the jailing of the paper's own Editor André Stille! The big day was Wednesday, designated for a one-day strike of the Red-led C.G.T. (Confédération Générale du Travail), which used to have 6,000,000 members but now has only a third as many. Expecting an exemplary show of violence, *L'Humanité* published medical advice on what to do for riot injuries, e.g., bleeding from the nose and ears, black eyes, head cuts.

The cause of it all, puddy Jacques Duclos (France's No. 1 Communist now that Maurice Thorez is in Russia "for his health"), languished in prison, charged with threatening the internal security of the state, but able to see a liberal number of visitors. In the presence of his lawyers, he was questioned by a magistrate for 3½ hours about his part in the Ridgway riots a fortnight ago. They wanted to know what he was doing in a car equipped with short-wave radio, pistol and blackjack.*

The Flop. Apparently the French Reds expected a fine turnout to sympathize with Comrade Duclos. They ignored the fact that most French workers—Communist, anti-Communist and all the shades in be-

* As well as two dead pigeons, which the government suspected might be homing pigeons hurriedly suffocated. After an autopsy last week, however, experts sheepishly pronounced them month-old eating squabs.

Half a Century of *THE CENTURY*

FOR FIFTY YEARS . . . "THE FAVORITE TRAIN OF FAMOUS PEOPLE."



WHO WAS WHO IN 1962. Many noted men and women of the day rode the original 20th Century Limited between New York and Chicago. They included William Jennings Bryan, Booth Tarkington, Theodore Roosevelt, Lillian Russell, J. P. Morgan, Mme. Schumann-Heink, "Uncle Joe" Cannon.

WHO'S WHO IN '52. A paragraph is far too brief to call the roll of leaders in business, the professions and the arts who ride this flagship of New York Central's dreamliner fleet. For, year in, year out, daily passenger lists, prepared by the Train Secretaries on *The Century*, read like "Who's Who in America."



New York Central

The Water Level Route — You Can Sleep





SPORTSMAN'S TREASURE



Known by the Company it Keeps

Seagram's VO

CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND... OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES • SIX YEARS OLD
86.8 PROOF, SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.

tween—are fed up with political strikes that cost them wages.

They also failed to count on the invigorated government of Premier Antoine Pinay. After a cabinet meeting, Pinay threatened immediate suspension and discipline for any government employees who answered the strike call. Said Interior Minister Charles Brune: "There will be no provocations on our part, but if the demonstrators act roughly the countermeasures will be even rougher."

The strike was a gigantic flop. There were some riots and train delays in outlying towns, but in Paris, ordinarily the showcase of Red agitation, the streets were quiet and transportation was almost normal. M. Brune announced that only 2% of the C.G.T.'s membership had answered the strike call. Of 240,000 postal and telegraph workers, only two walked out—and were instantly suspended.

In previous strikes the Reds could always count at least on closing down the Renault plant—long a Communist stronghold—in the Paris suburb of Billancourt. This time, Red goon squads succeeded in shutting off power and steam, but were challenged and thrown out by fighting contingents from non-Communist unions, and production was soon back to normal.

Wounds. There were rumors that Jacques Duclos was in disgrace with his party for "lack of vigilance," i.e., getting caught. While he remained in jail, the party would probably put up bumbling, hard-boiled André Marty of Spanish Civil War notoriety as the front man. The government, which had already jailed scores of Stalinists amid general applause, went on a hunt for big game. Pinay's men said that they raided Communist centers in Brest, Lorient and Bordeaux, and announced that they had broken an espionage case at Toulon.

Even *L'Humanité* did not claim any success for Martyr Duclos' strike. In its pre-strike advice, it had failed to recommend any solace for wounds of the spirit.

ROMANIA

Ana on the Slippery Slope

Without the slightest hint of praise for her valuable services in the past—such as the time she uselessly let the executioners of the NKVD dispose of her husband—the Communists tried to explain last week what led to the downfall of Rumania's Ana Pauker, the beefy First Lady of Communism (*TIME*, June 9).

Ana was left with her title of Foreign Minister, and was even allowed to sit on the ministers' bench one day last week while the National Assembly awarded the premiership of Red Rumania to her arch-rival, Gheorghe Gheorghiu-Dej.* But, no doubt about it, she was in bad odor.

In official lingo, her crimes were: activ-

* He used to be simply Gheorghe Gheorghiu until he spent so much time in Rumania's Dej prison in pre-Red days that he took Dej on to his name, a Balkan equivalent of calling oneself Alphonse Capone-Alcatraz or Lucky Luciano-Sing Sing.



ANA PAUKER
A lazy, double-dealing deviator.

ities against the party and the state, support of counter-revolutionary elements, suppression of criticism, double-dealing opportunism, laziness in the development of collective farms, unprincipled relations within the party, tolerance toward the kulaks, rightist deviations and—to keep things in balance—leftist deviations. The fact was, said the Communists with horror, that Ana had taken to living on "a slope of aristocracy."

"Look, Comrades; the suspense is getting terrible," pleaded the New York *Daily News*. "How about coming clean . . . ? Confidentially, now—you mean you caught the old battleax taking a bath?"

BELGIUM

Dreams

Neither his wife nor his son nor his employers knew what dreams whirled in the head of Maxime Formartin. Perhaps—unlike Thurber's elaborately dreaming Walter Mitty—Maxime himself did know. He was a lowly handyman, chauffeur and clerk for the firm of A. Freyman & Van Loo, Antwerp shippers. Long years of faithful service had brought him one occasional pleasure and privilege: going to the bank to draw some of the firm's money for import duties.

One day last week Maxime Formartin went to the bank, drew out 485,000 Belgian francs (\$9,700) of his employers' money in crackling banknotes, and with his usual care and sense of awe stuffed them into his briefcase. He felt giddy; his hand was sweaty, his throat dry. Clutching the briefcase, he hastened into a café, gulped a beer. In other cafés he had other beers, finally switched to port. Walking on rosy clouds, he passed a sandwichman who handed him an advertising circular. Suddenly the dream crystallized. Said Maxime: "You have given me something, now

I'll give you something." And with that, opening the briefcase, he handed the sandwichman a thousand-franc note.

Maxime Formartin walked along, handing out handfuls of thousand-franc notes, looking especially for the poor & needy. He felt like a king distributing largesse. The number of poor & needy seemed endless. Late that night the police found Maxime dead drunk on the street, his pockets and briefcase empty. In jail the next afternoon, sober but still glowing at the memory of his benefactions, Maxime was unrepentant. "The boss has money enough," he said. "What's 500,000 francs to him? He has 50 million."

Police issued two appeals to the public to turn back the money. The sandwichman and two others turned up, each with a thousand-franc note. The rest of the beneficiaries apparently agreed with Dreamer Formartin that their need was greater than that of Messrs. A. Freyman & Van Loo.

BECHUANALAND

Revolt in Serowe

Strapping Governor Batho, Her Majesty's district commissioner for the Bamangwato tribe of Bechuanaland Protectorate, had some bad news for his black-skinned charges. To a crowded Kgotsa (native parliament) squatting in the tribe's mud-hut capital of Serowe, he announced that the Great White Queen would never allow Seretse Khama, their Oxford-educated chief, to return to his people (*TIME*, April 7). According to the Queen's ministers, Seretse, by marrying blonde London Typist Ruth Williams, had been derelict in his public duty as chief; his marriage, like Edward VIII's, had compromised his crown. Dutiful Commissioner Batho thought it unnecessary to mention that 1) neighboring South Africa covets Bechuanaland's black labor force, 2) threatens to use Seretse's marriage to a white woman as a pretext for annexing the protectorate, and that 3) Britain is getting rid of Seretse to appease Negro-hating Prime Minister Malan.

The district commissioner proposed that the Bamangwato elect another chief. The tribal elders, wearing goatskins, zoot suits and flashy ties, told him to be quiet. They shook their fists and spat. Bamangwato virgins stormed the dais where Batho sat, and screamed: "We want our chief Seretse . . . May you die where you stand." Batho appealed for order and was shouted down: "Seretse should lead us . . . We cannot nominate anyone else to take his place. You have tried to rule us with a rod of iron. You treat us like ants. We won't have you."

No More Kgotsa. It was the first time that the docile Bamangwato had thumbed their noses at a creature so Godlike as the Great White Queen's commissioner. Batho marched off, his upper lip quivering. He issued an order: "No more Kgotsas." The Bamangwato sat back guzzling Kaffir beer (a native brew made of yeast, marmalade, syrup and raisins) and took no notice. But when Batho sent a platoon of

Basuto policemen to occupy the Kgotla ground, the tribesmen reacted. Screaming and bellowing, 2,000 of them bombarded the cops with stones. When Batho himself arrived with police reinforcements, a drunken virgin bopped him on the head with a sharp-pointed stone. Sixty cops were injured, three battered to death.

No More Kaffir Beer. To the White Queen's commissioner, his head still sore, this was rebellion. He sent for machine guns, corralled Serowe's white women & children in a defense perimeter. Well-armed native troops led by British Colonel Robert Langley were flown in from the nearby British protectorates of Swaziland and Basutoland, and from the self-governing Crown Colony of Southern Rhodesia.

As dusk fell next day, 200 troopers, carrying wicker shields to ward off sticks and stones, marched into Serowe. Some had fixed bayonets, others heavy pick handles. Colonel Langley himself carried a sawed-off shotgun. This time the cops were rougher. They stormed into mud huts, boxed their occupants' ears, beat up all who resisted a search for beer and weapons. By nightfall, 41 Bamangwato, including four royal princes, were penned in a stockade near Batho's GHQ.

At week's end, all was quiet. Serowe's native stores were forbidden to sell beer. Thousands of Bamangwato packed their blankets and cooking pots and trekked off across the thirsty veld to their remote cattle stations.

Commissioner Batho had imposed the White Queen's will. Bluff Colonel Langley, in the Queen's honor lists, got the Order of the British Empire (O.B.E.). Who was to rule the Bamangwato? Batho and the White Queen did not know.

JORDAN

The Unhappy King

Tewfik Pasha Abul Huda hurriedly summoned a special meeting of Jordan's Parliament in Amman last week and swore all the members to secrecy. Then, as his eyes moistened behind his large, horn-rimmed glasses, the Prime Minister of Jordan told the assembled deputies and senators a sad story.

Their King, 43-year-old Talal, who left a Swiss mental sanitarium ten months ago to succeed his murdered father, Abdullah (TIME, July 7), had suffered a relapse: his clouded mind had grown worse. He begins the day normally enough, but as the hours pass, he becomes depressed and morbidly suspicious. His mind conjures up fancied plots; the Prime Minister told his solemn audience that the King fires trusted officials for conspiring against him. He beats his servants and even his wife, Queen Zaine, whom he loves. Once when the Queen's brother intervened, King Talal ran him out of the palace. At times, Talal would sneak away and mount a mangy horse and ride unprotected through Amman. Brought back, he would say that he was happy among his people, who were his only friends.



Associated Press

KING TALAL

"I wonder what my end will be."

Abul Huda Pasha paused, went on. King Talal had finally yielded to Abul Huda's pleading and agreed to go back to Switzerland for more treatment, with his family and a small entourage. Instead, he went to Paris, where he saw the sights and refused medical treatment. He threatened the royal physician with a stick. He even turned on his son, Crown Prince Hussein, and chased him out of the room. He beat Queen Zaine, who fled to Switzerland. He struck the wife of Jordan's Minister to France. He was drinking and throwing away money on women.

By the time Abul Huda finished reading from his notes after an hour and a half, many deputies were weeping silently.



Associated Press

CROWN PRINCE HUSSEIN
After school, a throne.

Three Gifts. Abul Huda Pasha had left out, because the deputies well knew, the pressures that aggravated Talal's illness and would tend to frustrate any King of Jordan. The young kingdom set up by the British in 1920 contains 37,000 desert miles, only a fifth of which is habitable. Jordan depends almost entirely on a British subsidy of £7,500,000 annually to run its government, and its British-trained Arab Legion of 10,000 men.

Talal, who wanted to rule like a real King, never had a chance; he lacked his father's guile and dynamism. When he ordered the Arab Legion to retaliate against punitive Israeli attacks, he found that he could not even command his army. John Glubb Pasha, the British commander, countermanded his order. Talal's brother, Prince Naif, is living in neighboring Beirut, and plotting with dissident Jordanians to take the throne. Iraq, ruled by the Hashemite family to which Talal belongs, also has designs on his kingdom.

Shortly before leaving for Paris, Talal entertained the Pakistan minister and handed him three gifts. The first was a diamond pin which the King said had belonged to his grandfather, Hussein of Mecca. Said Talal: "He served the British, and he died alone." Talal then gave the minister a gold-lettered Koran which had belonged to his father, Abdullah: "He served the British well, and he was murdered in a mosque," he said. Then Talal handed the minister his own jeweled dagger, and said: "I serve the British. I wonder what my end will be."

Three Rulers. Last week, the answer to Talal's question was still unclear. Abul Huda set up a three-man regency council to govern Jordan. The regency, Abul Huda said, would rule until Talal could return to his throne or until young Crown Prince Hussein becomes 18 next May. Hussein is now in school at Harrow (Churchill's alma mater) along with his cousin, King Feisal of Iraq.

When Talal got word last week of Abul Huda's regency, he wired back from Paris: "I am on my way to you and still consider myself on leave. Long live Jordan Kingdom." But instead of flying to Amman, Talal went off to Switzerland, looking for his wife. He could not find her: she had checked out of her hotel and gone into hiding with Crown Prince Hussein, under heavy police protection. The unhappy King told reporters he didn't know what to do next.

TURKEY

"Zito!"

For 900 years, Greeks and Turks have intermittently warred on each other. The Greeks massacred 20,000 Moslems in April 1821, and shortly thereafter proclaimed their independence from Turkey after 400 years of subjection. But the two nations were still at war 100 years later. During the 1920s, a wary *rapprochement* began. The two powers exchanged their national minorities; in one of the

great mass migrations of history 2,000,000 Greeks quit Turkey.

In Istanbul last week, the old and long-dying mistrust was set to rest: the old enemies were now allies. Schoolchildren waved paper Greek flags and shouted a newly taught word: "Zito!" (meaning "long live" in Greek) as King Paul and Queen Frederika debarked from the cruiser *Helle*. It was the first visit ever paid to Turkey by Greek monarchs. A gleaming white presidential train took the visitors off to Ankara for a station-side reception by President Celal Bayar and Premier Adnan Menderes. High point of the visit would come when the Greek monarchs placed a wreath on the tomb of Kemal Ataturk, the great Turkish strongman who had whipped their armies in the 1921 war.

Getting such ancient enemies together was an amazing tribute to the Russians; it was concern about the common peril which had united Greece and Turkey, made them NATO's newest partners, and led them to deploy their 29 divisions to guard the southern anchor of the Atlantic defense line. An old Istanbul grocer who fought the Greeks under Ataturk explained the change simply: "The Greeks don't like the Russians much and I hate them."

TIBET

Call It Chomolungma

A century ago, British surveyors, measuring the towering Himalayas on the Nepal-Tibet border, found the world's highest mountain: 29,141 feet. Tibetan natives called it Chomolungma, meaning "Goddess Mother of Mountains," but the British named it after Sir George Everest, the crack surveyor who charted much of India. Last week Red Peking, which recently gobbled up Tibet, decreed that Everest (which no one has ever climbed to the summit) will hereafter be known by its ancient name, Chomolungma.

INDIA

Delegates in Wonderland

Next to Russia's Iron Curtain, Red China's bamboo fence is the most impenetrable political barrier in the modern world. Recently, Communist Dictator Mao Tse-tung offered to let 14 Indian observers peek behind the fence (India had allowed a Red Chinese "good will" mission to visit New Delhi last year). Prime Minister Nehru, who is fascinated by the New China, gladly sent the mission, but carefully staffed it with cool-headed observers whose impressions he could trust, as he no longer trusts his credulous ambassador, K. M. Panikkar, now recalled home. As chief delegate he chose his closest confidante and most recent envoy to Washington: his sister, Mme. Pandit.

Last week, after a carefully conducted Cook's tour of Mao's Wonderland, the 14 Indians reported to Nehru. For public consumption, Mme. Pandit said a few kind words: "We were greatly impressed

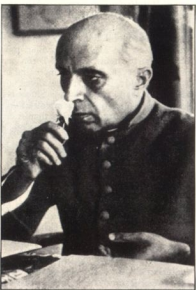
by the fine creative effort of the New China." But in private conversations with U.S. newsmen, the 14 delegates painted a more realistic picture. Their findings:

¶ The Chinese people are sick & tired of war. The hopeful observers came to believe that the government would welcome some kind of face-saving truce proposal (unspecified) by a neutral such as India.

¶ Red China has made substantial material progress, but only by using armies of slave laborers. One huge dam visited by Mme. Pandit was being built by 2,000,000 peasant conscripts.

¶ Cultural regimentation has emaciated the ancient charm of Chinese life. Capitalist silks and floral robes have been replaced by the proletarian look: narrow blue pants and drab, high-necked tunics for men & women alike.

Most oppressive to the Indians was



PRIME MINISTER NEHRU
Stock exchanges are not for him.

the constant pounding of Communist propaganda, most of it directed against the U.S. "Hate-America" campaigns have assumed ludicrous proportions: Peking's newspapers devote a quarter of their space to the charge that the U.S. is using germ warfare tactics in Korea. Communist exhibits of "U.S. insect bombs" are so cunningly devised, said the Indians, that "one has to think twice" before grasping their phoniness. "I wouldn't say any of us were convinced," said University Delegate N.S. Bendre. "[But] the Chinese who see the exhibits don't think twice."

Among the Virile People

Of India's 360 million people, 26 million are primitive aborigines. They include head-hunting Nagas, Nilgiri pygmies and dusky Santhals. Last week Prime Minister Nehru told a conference of Indian anthropologists how "happy and at home" he felt with such "virile people."

"Sometimes," he admitted, "they go

astray. They quarrel and cut each other's heads off, which are deplorable occurrences that should be stopped. But even so, it strikes me as perhaps a little better than the more evil practices that prevail in cities." For himself, said the Prime Minister, he "would prefer any day to be a nomad in the hills than to be a member of the stock exchange and sit there and listen to those frightfully ugly noises . . ."

INDO-CHINA

"I Make War"

A short, chunky man with a crew haircut and the face of an Oriental John Garfield walked into butter-colored Gia-Long Palace in Saigon one morning last week and handed to Premier Tran Van Huu a letter bearing the imperial seal of Bao Dai. The letter bluntly deposed Huu and named the bearer, 57-year-old Nguyen Van Tam, as new Premier of embattled Indo-China.

"This is a sudden blow," muttered Huu, who had been Premier for two of the three years that the Vietnamese have had a conditioned independence from the French. But he obligingly walked out, and in walked Strong Man Tam, Viet Nam's hard-hitting Interior Minister and its most uncompromising anti-Communist.

Held back by their dislike and mistrust of the French, the Vietnamese had been slow under Premier Huu's regime to join in the life-or-death fight against Red Rebel Ho Chi Minh's guerrillas. The Premier seemed more interested in nailing down Viet Nam's independence than in promoting a fighting partnership with the French. Bao Dai (and the French) thought the time had come for a stronger man, and the Emperor had constitutional power to make the change. The new man is no stooge of the French, but believes that first things come first. Within hours of his accession, the new Premier announced his policy: "*Je fais la guerre* [I make war]." said Nguyen Van Tam. Few who knew him doubted that he would.

For 22 years Tam has been fighting Communists—at the time of the Communist insurrection in October 1930, during a second Red uprising in 1940, and for the last two years as boss of Viet Nam's busy, overworked security police. Two of his three sons were killed by Ho Chi Minh's Reds; the third, Brigadier General Nguyen Van Hinh, a crack pilot, commands the new Vietnamese national army now fighting shoulder to shoulder with the French. Tam himself is under a standing Viet Minh sentence of death.

Tam has been ambushed eleven times by Red guerrillas, and escaped with nothing more than a cut finger. In his spare time he hunts tigers by night, writes poetry by day. He is tough with opposition, but he favors a more representative Viet Nam cabinet, and grants of land to Indo-Chinese who fight against the Reds.

"This will be a government of action," he promised. "I will intensify the war effort in all respects, because this war is ours—like our independence."

THE HEMISPHERE

ARGENTINA

Somber Inaugural

Juan Perón's second inauguration for a six-year presidential term should have been one of the grandest occasions of his career. Instead, the pampas dictator ordered all ceremonies severely curtailed, and did not even make a speech. Though economy was given as the reason for such unwanted austerity, few doubted that Perón's real reason was the failing health of his wife Evita.

The Vacant Chair. Wan, drawn, and wearing an ankle-length mink coat, Evita attended the main act of the brief inaugural. Riding in the presidential limousine to the Congress building, she sat at her husband's side in the vice president's traditional place—the place she would have occupied in her own right had army opposition not forced withdrawal of her nomination last year. Last week she sat there only because the place was vacant; Vice President Hortensio Quijano had died since November's elections.

At the Congress building, Perón helped his faltering wife into the vice president's chair, then quickly, one hand on the Bible, swore to defend the constitution. Outside, thousands of members of the Peronista Women's Party chanted: "Viva Evita, the vice president!" But Evita slipped away to return to the presidential estate in suburban Olivos. Perón swore in his new cabinet, reviewed a parade of cavalry and foot soldiers (mechanized forces were left in barracks to save gasoline), waved briefly from his balcony to 200,000 cheering *descamisados*, and hurried to Olivos to be at his wife's side.

The Empty Larder. As Perón began his second term in office, Argentina was faced with a mounting economic crisis. As a result of drought and government mismanagement, prices are shooting up at

the rate of 3% a month. Perón also seems to be heading for trouble with the church. Last month, when the church protested that a new Argentine movie called *Barbara Atómica* was immoral (TIME, June 2), the government not only refused to ban the film but sent police to make sure that it was shown. Last week, in a new move almost certain to provoke a showdown, some of the new Peronista Women's Party congressional deputies announced a plan to introduce a bill to give Argentina its first divorce law.

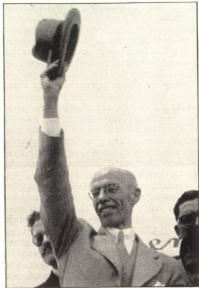
There is no way to gauge how much popular support Perón has lost from any of these setbacks. Presumably, he could not match his 70% majority of last November in anything like a free election today. But Perón still runs a tightly controlled police state backed up by a controlled press. His 5,000,000-man General Confederation of Labor (C.G.T.) is now organized on the lines of a civilian militia, ready to fight any anti-Perón uprising. Since 1946, Perón has increased his police fivefold; Buenos Aires alone now has more than 35,000 cops. Since last September's abortive army revolt, Perón has purged the army of more than 1,000 suspected officers.

ECUADOR

Spellbinder's Return

"Give me a balcony in each town and I shall take possession of Ecuador," José María Velasco Ibarra once cried from exile. Last week, having harangued the country from balconies all over Ecuador, Velasco Ibarra was elected President to succeed U.S.-educated Galo Plaza Lasso.

Velasco's victory, against two major contenders, was a startling upset. With the Liberal-Radical Party split in two and President Plaza playing a meticulous hands-off role, all the odds favored the



PRESIDENT-ELECT VELASCO IBARRA
Papa understands the poor.

Conservatives' Candidate Ruperto Alarcón Falconi.

But Ecuadorian voters showed the same distrust for the nation's two historic parties as they did four years ago when Galo Plaza swept into office as a coalition candidate. They put their faith in Velasco's spellbinding personal appeal; humble people flocked to him. Explained a market woman: "Taita [Papa] Velasco understands the poor because he is poor." Velasco owns little property, lives austere. He describes his policy as "neo-liberalism," which he fancies as a kind of "third position" between the "extremes" of capitalism and Communism.*

A lanky, cantankerous law professor, Velasco Ibarra at 59 is the stormiest figure in Ecuadorian politics. In two terms as President (1934-35, 1944-47), he floundered left and right, created a crisis every week, turned against his backers, made himself dictator and got booted out by the army. He showed a sure sense for the common touch. Once, tearing his trousers climbing into the rickety presidential limousine, he rejected the idea of getting another car, saying: "We will mend the pants, repair the car, and build a school with the cost of a new car." He was wildly erratic: when a minor official complained about a cabinet minister, Velasco fired the minister on the spot and gave the job to the complainer. "Ecuador," Velasco concluded, "is a very difficult country to govern."

* A position that closely resembles Peronism. During the campaign the Argentine Ambassador in Quito, Cesar Salvador Mazzetti, so clearly showed his support of Velasco that Plaza declared the diplomat *persona non grata* for meddling in Ecuadorian politics, and packed him off to Buenos Aires.



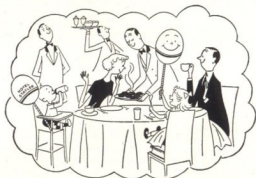
JUAN & EVITA PERÓN
After the oath, a hurried departure.



1. Worrier Will, a family man, was mapping out a trip. "I'd like to stop at good hotels," said he, "but here's the slip: we love our kids, we think they're swell—they're good as they can be, but some hotels don't care for kids, and that's what worries me."



2. Up spoke his wife, "Why, Will," she said, "that's really quite absurd! The *Statler's* used to children, dear—don't say you haven't heard! They welcome them with open arms and give them service *plus*. That's why it's such a perfect place for families just like us."



3. "The dining room has menus planned just for the younger set—the foods they like to eat the best and, what is better yet, children's plates and silverware, and big balloons for free! They'll mix the baby's formula, and heat it properly!"



4. "They send the chicks a bowl of fruit—a thoughtful thing to do. And Statler's beds are super-soft, for kids and grown-ups, too. If you and I should care to leave to dance or see a show, we'll get a Statler sitter so that we can up and go!"



5. "And Statler's close to shows and shops—the rates are more than fair. Just find the heart of town," she said, "you'll find the Statler there." "Eureka!" shouted William, "Why, it's perfect, I'll be blessed! No wonder folks say 'Statler's, where you really are a guest!'"



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ANOTHER GREAT NEW STATLER—LOS ANGELES
(READY FOR OCCUPANCY SUMMER, 1952)

PEOPLE

Family Reunions

Dorothy Arnold, sometime actress who divorced **Joe DiMaggio** in 1944, was worried. Joe and their nine-year-old son, Joe Jr., had been seen frolicking at Hollywood's flossy Bel Air Hotel swimming pool—and Joe's friend, luscious Cinemactress **Marilyn (Clash by Night) Monroe**, was also there in the unlikely role of young Joe's governess. Dorothy went to court to ask that Joe be ordered to stop taking the boy to places that are long on liquor, short on other children. Marilyn merely said: "I want to love and be loved more than anything else in the world."

In Manhattan, Comic **Henry Morgan**, who two years ago was vaguely linked with subversive organizations by the publication *Red Channels*, admitted that his jokes have sold more & more badly since then. His regular income has dried from \$8,250 a week to the mere \$45 he now gets for writing a newspaper column. Obviously, claimed Henry in court, he can no longer pay \$150-a-week temporary alimony to his estranged wife Isobel. The judge saw it Henry's way, ordered Isobel's weekly stipend cut to \$50.

Sitting down to a breakfast of two boiled eggs with some Communist cronies somewhere in China, the Very Rev. **Hewlett Johnson**, Britain's white-caved "Red Dean" of Canterbury, told his delighted friends about capitalist misery back home. "In England we never see eggs," he chortled. "I see here you have plenty."

New Directions

Touring England in George Bernard Shaw's *The Millionaires*, Actress **Katharine Hepburn** got an invitation in Newcastle-on-Tyne to step out with 350 visiting sailors from two U.S. destroyers. Re-



MARILYN MONROE
For a mother, worry.

sourcefully she barred all visitors to her hotel room, had her phone disconnected, rushed straight back into seclusion after the show. Later she explained: "I fear no man. I hate being crowded by people, and sailors are people."

Boston's Radio Station WBMS announced an eloquent addition to its staff: **James M. Curley**, 77, four-time Boston mayor, sometime Massachusetts governor, congressman and convict (using the mails to defraud). Curley's contract specifies that he may talk about anything during his hour-long program, three times a week, but must not be called a "disk jockey."

Five federal judges decided that Novelist **Kathleen Winsor** is no novelist, thus bearing out the literary critics who always claimed that *Forever Amber*, her lusty epic of Restoration England, is no novel. The question before the court: should the \$165,000 Kathleen got for movie rights to *Amber* be taxed as author's income or, at a lower rate, as a non-author's capital gain? The judges' ruling: "The book was written . . . primarily because she enjoyed" it, not with a publication "purpose in mind." To Capital-Gainer Winsor and former husband (No. 1 of three) Robert Herwig, the court awarded a 1945 tax refund of \$26,358.72 each.

On a Manhattan TV show, two Metropolitan Opera stars, Baritone **Robert Merrill**, 33, and Soprano **Roberta Peters**, 21, who were married on March 30, achieved some close harmony in the romantic *Sweethearts* duet from Victor Herbert's operetta. Five days later they signed legal separation papers. Soprano Peters' claim: incompatibility.

Just so he could show the boys he had not lost his touch, A.F.L. Musician Boss **James Caesar Petrillo** warmed up for their convention next week in Santa Barbara, Calif. by rattling a solo on a Latin American *guiro*, a notched gourd that rasps when rubbed with a stubby baton.

The Chosen Ones

At an Oakland (Calif.) Chamber of Commerce dinner, France's Minister Plenipotentiary Roger Seydoux hailed Manufacturer **Henry J. Kaiser** as "the symbol of the industrialization of the West," awarded him the ribbons of a chevalier of the French Legion of Honor.

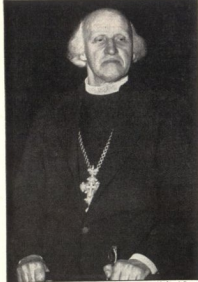
Britain's public-opinion pollster, *Mass Observation*, asked 200 Londoners-in-the-street whose death, among six late celebrities (not including **King George VI**), had most grieved them. Their greatest loss: Britain's idolized Radio Comedian **Tommy Handley**. Runner-up: **Franklin D. Roosevelt**. Sixth place: **George Bernard Shaw**.

Although nobody would say who had commissioned it, a bust of **Harry Truman**, the work of Finnish Sculptor Kalervo Kallio, went on exhibit at Washington's Smithsonian Institution. But in Rochester, N.Y., the President looked more like a boon than a bust to National Retail Clothiers and Furnishers President Ben Frojan, who proposed that, if he ever leaves the White House, ex-Haberdasher Truman should be named card of the squabblesome U.S. men's clothing industry.

After Due Consideration

When a Washington society reporter hopefully asked her if there was any chance that she might be married before next Inauguration Day, **Margaret Truman** replied flatly that there will be no White House wedding. "You can rest easy on that," said she.

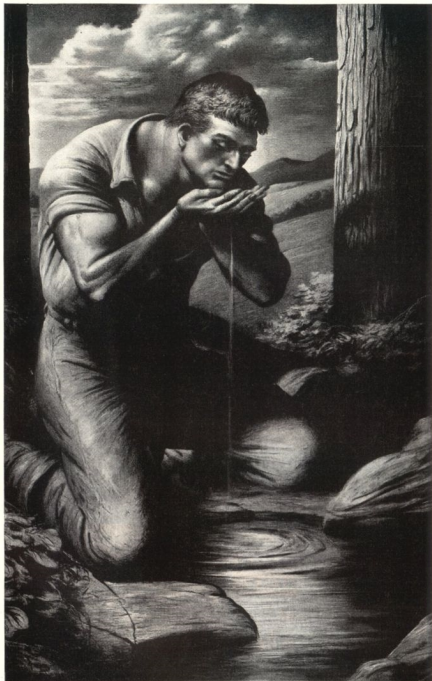
Cinemactress **Gloria Grahame**, who has played many a bad girl on the screen, suggested that most U.S. girls are too proper to give **Dr. Alfred Kinsey** much help in researching his book on the sexual behavior of the human female. Noting that the new work is already two years behind schedule, Gloria added: "It's a



THE VERY REV. HEWLETT JOHNSON
For his friends, a contrast.



JAMES CAESAR PETRILLO
For the boys, a warmup.



Water with a Southern Accent

Chances are, the pioneer who discovered it didn't realize that he had found the best-tasting water in America. Or that this water would play a great role in making whiskey.

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matter of convention. Women . . . simply
 do not discuss sex . . . except when it
 applies to someone else."

Reminded that his brother James had
 endorsed Kefauver and that his brother
 John was for Eisenhower, Congressman
 Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr., chairman of
 Averell Harriman's national campaign
 committee, was asked by a reporter about
 the choice of brother Elliott, who is in
 Cuba. Retorted Franklin brightly: "Ba-
 tista, I guess." Then he modestly added:
 "I don't think it makes much difference
 to the public whom the Roosevelt boys
 are for."

Old (48) Crooner Bing Crosby made a
 low bow to his youthful rivals: "The kids
 don't buy my records so much any more.
 They like the new ones who holler . . .
 The nervous strain Johnnie Ray must go



UNITED PRESS
 ROBERTO ROSSELLINI
 Outraged by an ex.

through . . . After show time I'd be ready
 to go to the hospital."

While Ingrid Bergman awaited the
 birth of Roberto Rossellini's twins in
 Rome, her lawyers petitioned a California
 court to permit her daughter Pia to visit
 her in Italy. In her affidavit, Ingrid charged
 that Pia's father, Dr. Peter Lindstrom,
 "told me it delighted him to see me cry
 and suffer." Spluttered the doctor: "I
 don't want the child exposed to Rossellini.
 He ran away with the mother of my child.
 He seems to have a habit of living with
 mistresses while married to someone else.
 It has been quoted in the United States
 Senate that he is a drug addict . . ." From
 Rome, Rossellini shot off an outraged
 message to the Los Angeles judge, de-
 manded a chance to counter Lindstrom's
 "calumnies." The judge gave the Italian
 director until June 20 or until all the
 case's evidence is in (whichever is later)
 to come to the U.S. and speak his piece.
 Rossellini's only problem now is persuad-
 ing U.S. immigration officials to give him
 an entrance visa.

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ness organizations of America. Its rise is a moral in itself—an inspiration to all the young and small of business—kindling for the fires that light the eyes of every endeavoring American.

For how did it grow? Because it was born in this broad land where the lowliest



may climb to the peak of ambition's loftiest pinnacle; and because Freedom of Enterprise stood by its side and whispered encouragement. America's industries are symbols of America's strength; and, like the biceps of the healthy and the strong, bespeak the wisdom of our way.

Freedom to Grow

HERE the venturer may start upon his dream with stars in his eyes — for all the small in this great land have the freedom to grow big.

The humblest vendor of today can become tomorrow's merchant prince and his cart a towering castle filled with wares of all the world.

For the way was fashioned in the creed of men whose foresight is our fortune and whose concept of the American way was that the individual be free.

It is a concept that has made America's industries great and their greatness has made America strong.

Today, The Texas Company looks back fifty years upon a birthplace as primitive as the wagon of the vendor. Its forebears believed in freedom: the right to make their own choices, to run their own risks, to suffer of their own errors and to gather their own rewards.

Asking neither subsidy nor security, and knowing they would prosper only in proportion to the manner in which they served — a homely philosophy, but it is the bedrock of the American way, as solid as the ledge beneath the loam of our land.

For it has given America the most powerful sinews of all the nations of the world.

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1902-1952

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EDUCATION

Reed's Choice

Portland's Ernest Boyd MacNaughton was a man of many affairs: president of the daily *Oregonian*, chairman of the board of Portland's First National Bank, lay moderator of the American Unitarian Association. When he took over the presidency of Reed College in 1948, he firmly announced that he would serve only pro tempore. "I am a businessman," said he. "Any time you find an academic man qualified, I'll step aside." Last week, at a sprightly 71, "Mr. Mac" did step aside. The academic man who takes his place: Duncan Smith Ballantine, 40, associate professor of history at M.I.T.

Reed searched six months before it decided on Dr. Ballantine, and everyone



Arlen Quon

PRESIDENT-ELECT BALLANTINE
"Snap to it, brother..."

agreed he should feel at home on the erudite little (600 students) campus. A lanky, likable scholar who got his Ph.D. at Harvard, he served as a wartime logistics expert with the Navy, eventually became a top apostle of M.I.T.'s experimental general education program.

At Reed, Ballantine will face another sort of problem. In spite of the college's academic standing (among its former professors: Paul Douglas, Karl T. Compton), it still has more than the usual trouble raising money. Among the reasons: some local citizens, with no justification whatsoever, unfairly suspect its reputation for lively liberalism, and some still labor under the false suspicion that Communist John Reed founded it* and that its first president, William T. Foster, was really Communist William Z. In four years, Mr.

Mac has succeeded in pulling Reed out of the red, but he has never quite finished the job of pulling its reputation out of the pink. That, says he, will be something for the academic man from Cambridge to do — "And I say to him: snap to it, brother."

Toward a Summa

Philosopher Mortimer Adler consistently admitted that the idea was "a sort of megalomania with me": he had long wanted to set up a staff of scholars whose one job would be to discuss and analyze the main issues in the thinking of Western Man. Last week, as he resigned his post as professor of philosophy of law at the University of Chicago, Adler, 49, announced that he was going to San Francisco to head a new Institute for Philosophical Research—the first of its kind in the world.

With \$655,000 from the Ford and Old Dominion Foundations, Adler will be assisted by 14 full-time scholars. He also intends to call in such notable consultants as Thomist Jacques Maritain and Yale Metaphysician Paul Weiss. Together these men will pluck one topic at a time from the modern Babel, and at the end of each investigation, publish books on it. Their purpose will not be to offer any pat answers. All they can possibly do, says Adler, is to "try to reach agreement on 1) the questions to be answered, 2) the range of possible answers to the questions, and 3) the order and connection between these questions and answers."

As Adler sees it, the *Summa Dialectica* must go beyond his *Syntopicon* of the 102 Great Ideas (TIME, March 17). The *Syntopicon* merely laid the groundwork by furnishing a key to the great books of the past. The *Dialectica* must attempt to treat the great issues (God, Man, Nature, History, Knowledge, Being, etc.) in relation to the present. Each topic may take many years. But eventually, Adler hopes, a great conversation will have begun. It will be a conversation that may never have an end, but if all goes according to plan, men will finally learn at least what the talk should be about.

Present for the Vatican

In a small auditorium of Rome's Pontifical Institute of Christian Archaeology, New York's Cardinal Spellman stood last week before 200 assembled notables to dedicate an impressive gift. Everyone on hand knew the value of the 100,000 photographs and 500,000 duplicate catalogue cards that had come from the U.S. "It is," said one Vatican scholar, "just as if an encyclopedia had never existed before, and the first encyclopedia had just been issued." The gift the cardinal was presenting: a complete copy of Princeton's massive Index of Christian Art.

The original index, still at Princeton, was begun back in 1917, when Charles Rufus Morey, assistant professor of art and archaeology, started searching for a way to make a permanent record of Chris-



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* The man who did give his name to the college: Portland steamboat and mining Tycoon Simeon Gannett Reed, who put up the first money.



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tian art. This seemed a hopelessly ambitious scheme, for it meant listing every published example of early Christian art, describing it, compiling opinions on its date and meaning, and finally cataloguing it with a photograph. Scholars felt the need for such an index, but, says Professor Morey, "only we were fools enough to get on with it."

A kindly, dedicated man, Morey at first limited himself to the first seven centuries of the Christian era. Later, he decided to include works of art up to 1200, finally raised his sights to 1400. The index not only had to cover every illustration—sculpture, frescoes, paintings, coins, medals, tapestries—inspired by the Bible, but also those based on the lives of the saints, the writings of the church fathers, and the history of the church.

In spite of its 500,000 cards, the index is still not complete. In one day, a staff



Maria Williams

PROFESSOR MOREY

"Only we were fools enough..."

member may have to catalogue an 11th century statue, a 6th century painting, a 9th century illuminated manuscript, a 4th century funeral slab. He may have to catalogue each work in several different ways—by character, by scene (e.g., Christ teaching), by object (e.g., Solomon's Temple). Finally, he has to enter his information on one of 16 different types of cards—gray for textiles, brown for leather, white for sculpture, etc.

After 35 years, Professor Emeritus Morey, now 74, has come close to realizing an old dream: giving scholars a chance to see all the examples of art on any particular subject almost at a glance. Wherever complete copies of the index exist—at Princeton, and at Dumbarton Oaks—U.S. scholars have been able to do in one day research that would once have taken months. Now, with a third copy safely installed in Rome through funds raised by Cardinal Spellman, European scholars are at last able to do the same.

Kudos

Amherst College

Robert Abercrombie Lovett, Secretary of Defense LL.D.

Citation: "You are facing with devoted skill and courage the crucial task of providing for the security of this nation and the survival of the free world—a task made formidable not only by the implacable hostility of our opponent, but also by the 'alarms and excursions' of an election year."

Bowdoin College

Marcus C. ("Marc") Connelly . . . LL.D.

Senator Margaret Chase Smith . . . LL.D.

Kenneth C. M. Sills, retiring president of Bowdoin LL.D.

Mrs. Kenneth C. M. Sills LL.D.

Citation: "The inspiring influence" on her husband and "every member of the Bowdoin family with whom she has come in contact."

University of Cincinnati

Harlan H. Hatcher, president of the University of Michigan LL.D.

Louis Kronenberger, TIME's drama critic, author of *Kings and Desperate Men*, *Grand Right and Left* . . . LL.D.

Colgate University

Harry James Carman, former dean of the college at Columbia University LL.D.

James Bryant Conant, president of Harvard University D.C.L.

Citation: "Concerned de *verum atque homini natura*, you compel attention to the dynamic of the destructible atom on the one hand, and of the indestructible human spirit on the other. Owing allegiance to the truth . . . you have dedicated yourself as citizen, with almost Calvinistic zeal, to testing the American—and revolutionary—proposition that all men are created equal . . ."

Columbia University

Robert Moses, New York City Park Commissioner LL.D.

Wallace Stevens LL.D.

Citation: "Practicing attorney in this city and vice president of an insurance company in Hartford, this successful man of affairs has written some of the most distinguished poetry of our day . . . one of the few men of our time who has been outstanding in his ability to unite the two worlds of imagination and fact . . ."

Dartmouth College

Sir Oliver S. Franks, Britain's Ambassador to the U.S. LL.D.

Oscar Hammerstein II LL.D.

Citation: "Editor, learned lawyer, able executive, experienced statesman, public-spirited citizen, governor of the state of Illinois, great-grandson of the ninth president of Hampden-Sydney College . . ."

Hampden-Sydney College (Virginia)

Adlai Ewing Stevenson LL.D.

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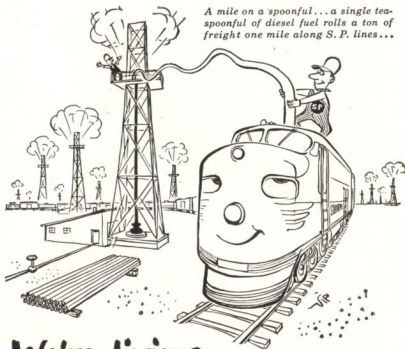
Lafayette College

Norman Vincent Peale, minister of Manhattan's Marble Collegiate Church D.D.

Dorothy Shaver, president of Lord & Taylor department store . . . LL.D.

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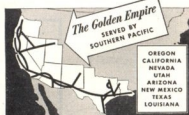
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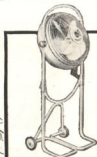
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General of the Army Omar N. Bradley
D.M.S. (Doctor of Military Science)

Rutgers University

Robert Clarkson Clothier, president emeritus of the university . . . LL.D.
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St. Lawrence University (Canton, N.Y.)

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Citation: "Architect of the 'Six Pillars of Peace'; for four decades now entrusted repeatedly . . . with international missions requiring the utmost in expertness . . . his most recent triumph . . . the making of peace with Japan . . . a 'peace of regeneration' . . . enviable man . . ."

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Ralph J. Bunche . . . LL.D.

Syracuse University

Judge Harold R. Medina . . . LL.D.

Yale University

Charles Phelps Taft, former president of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, candidate for governor of Ohio . . . LL.D.

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Ralph Taylor Compton, former president of M.I.T. . . . D.Sc.

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FAVORED, 18 TO 7, BY GIRLS
AT BOSTON LYING-IN HOSPITAL

In the second edition with the same story:

CO-EDUCATIONAL COLLEGES
FAVORED, 18 TO 7, BY GIRLS
EMPLOYED IN HUB HOSPITAL

Trial by Press Conference

The biggest corps of newsmen ever to cover one man in the U.S. swarmed into Abilene, Kans. last week. More than 500 reporters, radio, TV and newsreel men (divided into groups with colored badges) sent out close to 500,000 words on General Eisenhower's homecoming, his first speech as a presidential candidate, and his first political trial by press conference. Like himself was well prepared for the test. Early last month ten top Washington reporters held a mock press conference and Ike's headquarters sent the questions they dreamed up on to Paris so Ike could prepare himself. After he landed in the U.S., Governor Tom Dewey had his own press aide, James Hagerly, throw tricky questions at Ike in a long session.

Despite the number of newsmen, there were gaps in the homecoming coverage, largely because many of the Washington newsmen are more accustomed to punditry than to sharp-eyed reporting. Publisher William R. Hearst Jr. spotted the biggest gap, wrote in his own Sunday column: "There was one phase of Ike's homecoming that, to my mind, was terribly under-reported . . . That was his first public appearance in Abilene . . . dedicating the Eisenhower Memorial Foundation . . . This speech hit me so hard that I tried all afternoon to get a transcript of it . . . Some of America's best-known newspapermen didn't even bother to cover the event . . . I think they missed out on a whale of a human document."

But every last newsmen did turn out at the press conference in Abilene's Plaza Theater, along with some 200-odd Ike supporters. To the dismay of newsmen, the supporters applauded every time Ike handled a tough one, although applause at a press conference is frowned on.

There was only one big hitch in the arrangements. Ike's aides had promised newsmen there would be no TV coverage of the conference, but TV cameramen moved their equipment in anyway, and, since there was no way to get them out without a row, they stayed.

When the 45-minute conference ended, there was no doubt from columns and editorials the next day that Ike had passed his examination A-plus. Sample reactions: ¶ Columnist Stewart Alsop: "His is the most effective political personality to

emerge on the American scene since the death of Franklin Delano Roosevelt."

¶ Washington *Star*: "A magnificent performance . . . General Eisenhower was made for this role."

¶ New York *Times*'s James ("Scotty") Reston: "General . . . Eisenhower has demonstrated here that what he does naturally and spontaneously is politically effective . . . He was the greatest master of the press conference technique since Franklin D. Roosevelt."

¶ St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*: "The soldier-turned-candidate did not have all the answers. That in itself is refreshing . . . Dwight Eisenhower has lots more to say . . . that means lots more to learn. But he learns fast . . ."

¶ Columnist Doris Fleeson: "It was an

"It's Ours!"

The big news was phoned to Assistant City Editor Bob Stayman. He slammed down his phone, jumped up and shouted the length of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*'s city room: "The paper's ours!" Staffers stopped working, began hugging one another, shaking hands and dancing between their desks. A photographer scooted out, ran all over the building shouting ecstatically, "It's ours, it's ours." Every place he went, the words touched off a celebration. The staffers had good reason to celebrate. For \$7,600,000 they had bought their newspaper from Washington's American Security & Trust Co., trustee of the 111-year-old *Enquirer* since the death of Owner John McLean in 1916.

Clean Break. The *Enquirer* employees' committee, with the financial backing of Cleveland Financier Cyrus Eaton, had



VICTORY CELEBRATION AT THE CINCINNATI "ENQUIRER"
"Little short of phenomenal."

attractive performance . . . What he said and how he said it will help him."

¶ Columnist John O'Donnell: "Dwight Eisenhower . . . played his first inning in big-league political press and radio conference today and wound up with one hit, no runs and no errors. There was no question about the hit he made with his charm, folksy friendliness and his easy answers."

¶ The *Christian Science Monitor*: "He convinced the Washington reporters that he is a worthy antagonist in question-and-answer infighting."

¶ Columnist Walter Lippmann: "This is the Washingtonian model of the presidency. It is the style of the Washington who managed for so long and in a most critical period of our history to keep both Hamilton and Jefferson in his cabinet."

At week's end Ike held his second press conference with some 150 newsmen in Manhattan. When an eccentric jumped up and began to bait Ike (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS), he was greeted by jeers. After Ike calmly answered his question, reporters themselves broke into the same spontaneous applause and cheering that had offended them at the first conference.

beaten out the Taft-owned Cincinnati *Times-Star*, which had expected to buy the *Enquirer* unopposed (Time, Jan. 14 et seq.). Last week, in a complicated deal, Washington's district court approved the sale to Eaton, through his Portsmouth Steel Corp., for \$7,600,000. Eaton turned the paper over to a new corporation, Cincinnati *Enquirer*, Inc., set up by the employees. Portsmouth Steel will hold two notes for \$6,350,000 and \$1,250,000 until they are paid off by the employees through a bond issue underwritten by Halsey, Stuart & Co., investment bankers, and a stock issue backed by Cincinnati bankers.

Eaton's role as an angel, said Reporter Jim Ratliff, who led the employees' committee, will "end in a clean break as soon as we pay him off." Eaton, a political enemy of Senator Bob Taft, will be paid a fee (estimated at \$250,000) for his financing help, may get it in stock if the employees so decide. Said Ratliff, "The paper's in our hands. Eaton will not control us now or then."

The *Enquirer*'s new employee board plans no changes in the prosperous pa-

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per. Its boss will continue to be Roger H. Ferger, publisher and now also president of the new corporation. Even the *Enquirer's* support of Senator Taft for the Republican nomination will continue. "This wasn't a revolt of employees," explained Ratliff. "It was a movement to preserve a famous independent newspaper."

Sour Grapes. The day of the court's decision, the *Times-Star* ran a sour-grapes editorial. Said the paper: "The *Times-Star* did not anticipate any such controversy . . . The cost of production has gone steadily up, and newspaper earnings have gone considerably down. Ownership of the *Enquirer* lost a great deal of its attractiveness for us." But Scripps-Howard's Cincinnati *Post*, the city's third daily, doffed its hat to Ratliff's committee. Said the *Post*: "What many of us had thought could not happen, did happen. This show of enterprise . . . by a band of newspaper employees must be regarded as little short of phenomenal."

The Sun v. McCarran

Ever since Publisher Hank Greenspun, 42, bought the *Las Vegas Sun* (circ. 8,500) in 1950, the paper has been scowling at Nevada's Democratic Senator Pat McCarran and old Pat has been glaring right back. Two months ago their feud turned up in court. The *Sun* sued McCarran and 51 others, including the owners of Las Vegas' leading gambling houses, for \$1,000,000. The charge: McCarran had persuaded the local gamblers to yank \$8,000 a month in advertising from the paper after the *Sun* printed attacks against him. The gamblers denied the charge. Last week, in the first round of the court battle, Nevada Federal Judge Roger Foley turned in a decision for the *Sun*.

He refused to dismiss the case, instead issued a temporary injunction to force nine gambling houses to put their regular ads back. Said Judge Foley: "The conspirators . . . cut off [the *Sun's*] bloodstream of existence . . . The abrupt cancellation of the advertising could very well [bring about] discontinuance of . . . the newspaper." Judge Foley did not rule on whether McCarran had anything to do with the conspiracy. That will be decided when the *Sun's* main action goes to trial.

Return of a Native

As a 19-year-old novice on Fleet Street, William J. Haley got his first job on London's *Times* answering the telephone. Last week at 51, Sir William Haley, now director general of the British Broadcasting Corp., got ready to go to work for the *Times* again, this time as editor. Named to the top editorial spot in British journalism and the first titled editor ever to run the venerable *Times* (circ. 231,650), Sir William takes the place of William F. Casey, 68, who, after four years in the editor's chair and four decades on the paper, is resigning because of poor health.

Fleet Streeters regard Sir William as one of Britain's best journalists. An omnivorous reader (as many as 250 books a year), he has a diamond-sharp mind



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HAWKINSVILLE, GEORGIA — "Because air conditioning gave competitors such an advantage I found I just couldn't operate my motel without it. So I installed the best brand on the market—Frigidaire," says R.C. Massee, owner of Massee Motor Lodge. "All 17 of my units are now equipped with Frigidaire Room Air Conditioners which insure 100% summer occupancy. In fact, enough of my summer customers have been so well satisfied that they've returned to maintain my winter occupancy at a high level."



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crammed with facts and ideas, which he uses with ice-cold efficiency. At BBC, he was a respected and stern director whose every murmur was a command, and who was good-naturedly known by staffers as "the man with two glass eyes."

Born in the Channel Islands, Haley quit school at 16 to go to sea as a telegrapher on a tramp steamer. Later, he cubbed on a provincial paper, did his brief stint on the *Times* and went up to Manchester to become a reporter on the *Evening News*. In a short time he was named news editor. He disdained a desk, worked standing up at a breast-high table so he would lose no time dashing off to composing room or editor's office. His nose for news was so sharp that, at 29, he was named editor, and seven years later co-managing director of both the *News* and its more famous sister, the *Manchester Guardian*. At a time when many of Britain's papers were



SIR WILLIAM HALEY

"The man with two glass eyes."

backing the government's appeasement policy toward the Nazis, Haley, a staunch Liberal, wrote forthright editorials attacking the government.

When BBC created the job of editor in chief in 1943, Haley took it. In nine months he was promoted to director general, was responsible for the "Light Program," Britain's most popular, and the famed highbrow "Third Program." Even though BBC's board is appointed by the government, Haley was no subservient government servant. Fleet Streeters expect that at the *Times* Sir William will also run his own show. For many years the *Times* often behaved as if it were the unofficial voice of the government, no matter what the government's political stripe. But since World War II, the *Times* has followed its own direction, and Sir William is expected to make it even more independent. Commented the *Manchester Guardian*: "The *Times* [will have] a great editor."

TIME, JUNE 16, 1952

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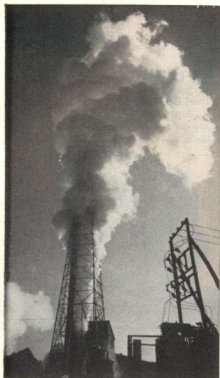
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TAPPING A VOLCANO. There's a power shortage in Italy. And one interesting method of helping to alleviate it is with volcanic steam. Here is an "Oilwell" drilling rig, made by U. S. Steel for use in the oil fields, being used to drill an Italian volcanic steam well. One of these rigs recently brought in a record-breaking well which is producing at the rate of 650,357 pounds of volcanic steam per hour.



ERASING 13 YEARS. A boiler house, located in an extremely corrosive industrial atmosphere, was built with roof and siding of U-S-S Stainless Steel 13 years ago. This picture shows an ordinary gum eraser easily removing the 13-year accumulation of mill dirt on the building to reveal that the stainless steel beneath is still bright, shining, unmarred.



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so many jobs so well



COTTON SEED PILER. This new machine, the first of its kind, piles cotton seed 50 feet high on both sides of the track it travels on. The seed, unloaded from trucks, is carried on bucket elevators up the perpendicular columns, then on belts out to the ends of the horizontal arms. This efficient cotton seed piler was built by U.S. Steel.

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The military pentathlon, Captain Guy Troy is fond of saying, "is the true test of a man." Last week, during the tryouts for the U.S. Olympic pentathlon team, Troy found out that it is a pretty good test of a horse, as well.

After two strenuous days of competition—fencing, shooting and swimming—Troy, pentathlon captain-coach, appeared to have matters well in hand. His first place in fencing, second in shooting and sixth in swimming gave him a two-point lead (9-11) over Lieut. Harlan Johnson. In third place, 15 points, was a lowly Pfc. named Thad McArthur, 23. A letterman swimmer at the University of Washington (class of '50), stocky (5 ft. 9 in., 160 lb.) McArthur, like most able-bodied youngsters, had found himself drafted into the Army soon after graduation. His natural all-around athletic ability won him no fast promotions, but it did earn him a shot at West Point's pentathlon training camp.

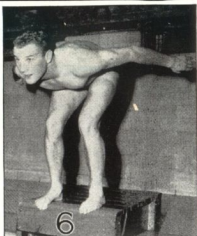
McArthur won the fourth event, the hill & dale cross-country run (some 4,000 meters) around the West Point golf course. Captain Troy, older by six years, managed to stagger in eighth (of twelve), and gave up the lead to McArthur, 16-17. The final event, horseback riding over a 4,000-meter course and 25 jumps, was one of Troy's specialties. McArthur, a fledgling rider, finished a surprising fourth. Troy never even finished. His mount, like McArthur's, was an aged, retired Army nag borrowed from Fort Riley, Kans. because the U.S. Military Academy has none of its own. Troy's horse got halfway around the course and fell in a dead faint from the exertion.

Pfc. McArthur's fourth in riding was good enough to earn him the No. 1 Olympic pentathlon berth with 20 points. Despite his prowess, McArthur will still take orders from the three other qualifiers: Lieut. Fred Denman (24 points), Captain Troy (25) and Lieut. Johnson (26).

The Coach

When Amos Alonzo Stagg first started to coach football at the University of Chicago, not one of the school's buildings had been finished. Jim Corbett had just won the heavyweight championship from John L. Sullivan; Knute Rockne was a four-year-old youngster in Norway; and it was eight years before the founding of baseball's American League. At Chicago only 13 men turned up for football practice, so Coach Stagg, a Walter Camp All-America end at Yale (class of '88), joined the fun and played on the team himself.

In his 41 years as Chicago's football coach, "Old Man Stagg," as he is still affectionately called, was always ready to join the fun—provided it was good, clean fun. He never allowed his players to swear on the field or in the locker room. He was a training-table model for his athletes because he never smoked or drank—not even coffee or tea. Always trying to im-

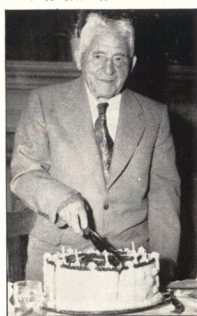


Seattle Times

SWIMMER McARTHUR AT PRACTICE
Also a test for a horse.

prove the game, Coach Stagg devised one innovation after another—e.g., the tackling dummy (made from an old mattress), spread formation, tackle back shift and end-around plays.

Time to Retire. Stagg made other contributions to the game that do not show up in record books or statistics. In 1922, when Chicago was playing Princeton's "Team of Destiny" (Fullback Charley Caldwell, now Princeton's coach; Quarterback John Gorman; End Howard ["Howdy"] Gray), the Chicago offense was stopped cold on the Tiger two-yard line. After Chicago tried unsuccessfully to batter its way through center, Stagg's assistant, "Fritz" Crisler (later a Princeton coach, 1932-37), suggested that the Old



Chicago Herald-American—International
STAGG & 90TH BIRTHDAY CAKE
"Something marvelous in our life."

TIME, JUNE 16, 1952

Man send his son, Alonzo Jr., into the game to try an end run. Stagg refused, and Chicago lost the game, 21-18. Afterwards, Crisler asked Stagg why he had refused. Stagg pointed to an obscure footnote in the rule book: "The committee deprecates the use of a substitute to convey information." Alonzo Jr. had lost his chance to become a football immortal (he never even won his letter) because Old Man Stagg refused to wink at the rule book.

When he was 70, the Old Man got a polite suggestion from the university that it was time to retire. Outraged, he flatly announced that he had at least 15 more years of coaching. As usual, he was right. He took over the coaching job at California's little (1,314 students) College of the Pacific, and his 1939 team upended big California, 6-0. Meanwhile, Chicago was losing by 61-0 scores. That was the year that once-mighty Chicago, which had won 241 games (107 losses) for Old Man Stagg, finally gave up football.

Time to Reform. In 1946, when Stagg was 84, College of the Pacific retired him once again. Again he refused to quit. He went East to Susquehanna, where he became coach of the offense. Defensive coach: Amos Alonzo Stagg Jr. But every spring, Stagg hops back to California for spring practice at College of the Pacific, where he assists Athletic Director Paul Stagg, another son.

Last week, chipper and tanned, Old Man Stagg spryly demonstrated a few football plays on the thick, velvety turf of Chicago's Stagg Field. He was there as guest of honor at a celebration of his 90th birthday (actual date: Aug. 16).

Does the Old Man think that basketball scandals, commercialized football and athletic subsidization have ruined amateur athletics in the U.S.? No, not quite: "A lot of our amateur spirit is gone, yet I don't think it is irretrievably gone. But if the college presidents and faculties don't go through with plans to reform college football and athletics in general, they will be destroying something that is marvelous in our life." Football's elder statesman likes to remember the old days at Chicago when "the only reward the boys got was a sweater or a letter."

Who Won

¶ Jersey Joe Walcott, his first defense of his heavyweight boxing title; in Philadelphia. The flatfooted old pappy guy, 38, in a weary waltz, outboxed Ezzard Charles, 30, a onetime titleholder and clearly the most reluctant challenger in heavyweight history.

¶ One Count, Eddie Arcaro up, the \$118,500 Belmont Stakes; in New York. Rated well by heady Eddie, longshot (13-1) One Count upset favored (1-2) Blue Man by 2½ lengths in 2:30.2, two full seconds off the stake record first set by One Count's sire, Count Fleet.

¶ A British women's golf team, the Curtis Cup; in Muirfield, Scotland. After 20 years of frustration, during which it gained the satisfaction of only one tie, Britain finally won the coveted cup, 5-4, over U.S. women golfers.

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The happiest man in Chicago last week was an art dealer by the name of Jack Shore. Making the rounds of Manhattan's auction galleries three months ago, Dealer Shore had come across an interesting painting of a young woman done on six small pieces of canvas sewed together. He picked it up for \$100, and then on a hunch showed it to Maurice H. Goldblatt, director of Notre Dame's university art gallery. Director Goldblatt's verdict: the old painting is a long-lost portrait of Lucrezia Borgia by the 16th century Renaissance master Bartolomeo Veneto. Possible value: \$150,000.

Armenian in Paris

One of the liveliest figures in Parisian art circles these days is an Armenian painter named Krikor Bedikian, who rejects all the artistic isms of contemporary Paris in favor of a strong, realistic style of his own. His guiding rule is one that he believes also guided the men of the Italian Renaissance: "Paint so that even illiterates will understand you."

Paris critics admit that Painter Bedikian, 44, knows his business, but most consider him an artistic reactionary, complain that "his work adds nothing to the general history of art." A small corps of Bedikian boosters disagrees. One enthusiast, writing in the financial daily, *L'Information*, has even called him "one of the great names of tomorrow . . . the heir to the old masters and the greatest modern painters."

Bread & Butter. All Bedikian asks is that Paris judge for itself. In a Right Bank gallery last week, 65 of his canvases were on exhibit for the first time: a series of posed portraits done in his studio, and a second series of free impressions from his rambles around the Continent. The portrait work was bread & butter art—

ART



The Tate Gallery

GWEN JOHN (SELF-PORTRAIT)

On every ninth wave, happiness.

formal and flattering. But those he had dashed off on his travels showed a masterly touch. In a few confident strokes of smooth color, Bedikian could re-create the patient labor of a Capri fisherman's life, the lazy alertness of street urchins, the sag of a dray horse pulling a heavy load. Since Painter Bedikian still lacks the official critical accolade, his pictures were selling at the relatively modest average of 90,000 francs (about \$250).

Bedikian has not always done that well. A serious artist since he was 15, he learned to draw with chalk as an orphan at a French school in Beirut, soon set out for Paris, doing sidewalk portraits along the way for carfare. In the early '30s, Bedikian spurned the schools and studied alone at the Louvre. He took odd jobs retouching photos for rent money, each night

made the rounds of his friends' homes to be sure of a dinner. For eight years his only success was a single picture shown at the 1936 Beaux Arts salon, and that brought no whoops from the critics.

Modes & Masters. Everything changed after the war. Traveling in Switzerland, he persuaded a Lausanne gallery owner to show 40 of his paintings. Within a few weeks, all but three were sold, and the owner of the gallery bought the leftovers. A friend saw Bedikian's work, promptly bought his entire output for two years. With portrait commissions on the side, Bedikian has been able to consider himself a commercial success ever since. What he wants now is recognition.

He is willing to wait. His work, says Bedikian, "is in the great tradition of the masters"; cubism, surrealism and abstractionism "are not movements—they are modes." He is confident the art world will turn to him: "It's already apparent that it has no place to go now."

"The Best Woman Painter"

The back rooms at London's Tate gallery are sometimes ignored by art lovers, but those who took the trouble to visit one of them last week found the trip well worth the effort. On display there was the work of Gwen John, elder sister of famed Painter Augustus John, and an artist almost unknown before her death in 1939. Even six years ago, when a memorial show of her work was held in London, the critical reaction was guarded. This time the critics took a second look. Wrote John Russell in the *Sunday Times*: "The judgment of history . . . will rank Miss John as one of the rare, complete individuals among women painters." Said Sir John Rothenstein, director of the Tate: "She is the best woman painter who has ever painted in England."

Gwen John never heard such public praise in her lifetime. She lived much of



BEDIKIAN'S "HORSE"

"Paint so that even illiterates will understand you."



Emmanuel Sougez

"THE BOY"



SEARCH IN THE WILDERNESS

At 36, Henry Koerner has already made high marks in a field that 20th century art has all but abandoned: that of grand-scale realism. His latest and largest (7 ft. by 7 ft.) effort is the product of two midwinter bus trips across the nation, and two years' labor. Because he found himself whistling bits from Schubert's song cycle, *A Winter Journey*, he borrowed the title for his painting.

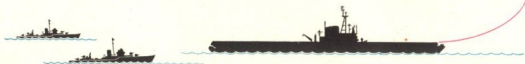
A fountain pen for on-the-spot sketches is Koerner's chief weapon in his day-by-day rivalry with the masters of panoramic realism. With perfect truth, and no trace of modesty, he says: "I have taught myself to draw so that whenever I see something that really hits me I can get it down." *Winter Journey* combines many such glimpses in a deliberately mysterious unity.

Vienna-born Henry Koerner lives and works in a bright little Brooklyn studio. He looks like a jolly, diminutive lifeguard, and he enjoys swimming against the current of non-objectivism.

Conservatives generally applaud his work, but others deplore it as too tightly photographic, illustrative and complicated. To these criticisms Koerner has a threefold answer: 1) he has developed a somewhat looser painting technique (it is not yet as assured as his draftsmanship) and uses colors with increasing freedom; 2) if his paintings are illustrative, they illustrate his own and not secondhand thoughts and experiences; 3) he relies less on the surrealist symbolism that complicated much of his earlier work.

Koerner describes *Winter Journey* as "a search in the wilderness—a modern image of happiness and dilemma. The small panels represent things I saw on my bus trips, things that happened to me, and some things I imagined as well." The large central panel is clearly symbolic. Koerner's interpretation: "The traveler dreams of a promised land, only it turns out to be a man-made jungle . . . where he meets his death."

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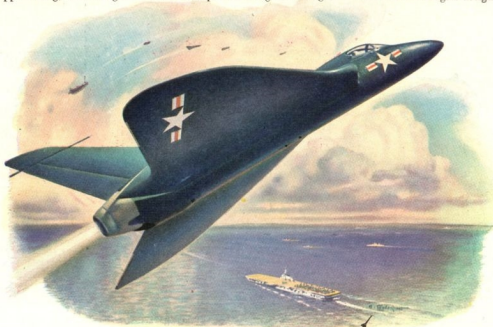
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it in painful seclusion in France, rarely showing her work, caring little for outside opinion. Her subjects were simple ones: a woman holding a cat, an empty room, a vase of flowers. Her pale colors and still figures gave the pictures a quiet, reticent look. But there was nothing vague or misty about them. All had been drawn with a strong, accurate hand.

"I Want to Flourish." Outwardly, Gwen John was as reticent as her painting. Inwardly, her life was one of intense feeling, rebellion and search. She was a spinster who became the mistress of Sculptor Auguste Rodin, an agnostic who turned to the Roman Catholic Church. In his new book, *Modern English Painters*, published last week, Sir John Rothenstein devotes a chapter to Gwen John, tells much of her story for the first time.

She grew up in Pembrokeshire, Wales, a quiet girl who sometimes broke out in bitter clashes with her lawyer father. In 1895, at 19, she left home to study art with her brother Augustus in London. "We shared a room together," remembers Augustus, "subsisting like monkeys on a diet of fruit and nuts." Gwen soon crossed to Paris. She wrote her brother: "There are people like plants who cannot flourish in the cold, and I want to flourish."

In Paris, she flew at her work, paid little attention to her contemporaries. Once she was asked her opinion of some Cézanne watercolors. "These are very good," she said quietly, "but I prefer my own." For a while she had a tiny allowance from her father, but that ended with his first visit, when he saw her wearing a dress she had painstakingly copied from a Manet picture. "You look like a prostitute in that dress," he told her. "I could never accept anything from someone capable of thinking so," Gwen blazed back.

"Be Patient." Gwen John was in her 30s when she met Rodin. But Rodin was in his 60s, and busy with a complex public life. "Be patient and less violent," he admonished her. Yet the illustrious sculptor was fond of Gwen, and wrote frequent letters scolding about her health. And even after she entered the Roman Catholic Church she clung to Rodin for love and comfort. "My heart is like a sea which has little sad waves," she wrote. "But every ninth wave is big and happy."

Gwen John spent the last 25 years of her life living and working in poverty at Meudon, near Paris. After Rodin's death, she turned her devotion to a collection of cats; almost the only humans she suffered were the nuns of Meudon and the orphans they cared for. She took Holy Communion each day, but when she was absorbed in painting she would forgo Mass for a month at a time. Her style changed drastically: while her early canvases were built up from thin, fluid paint, she now changed to thick paint, made her colors lighter and lighter.

In the fall of 1939, Gwen John felt a sudden longing for the sea. After arranging for the care of her cats, she took a train to Dieppe, collapsed on arrival and was taken to a hospital. There, at 63, she died alone.



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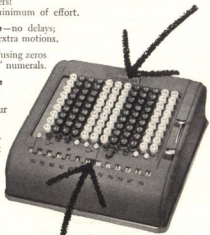
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To the men of The Davey Tree Expert Co., Kent, Ohio, strong, U. S.-made rope is both an indispensable tool and a lifeline without which they could not work.



Without rope he couldn't do his job

Martin L. Davey, Jr., president of the company, has this to say about the importance of rope: "Whether it is lowering branches, raising tools to the workmen, providing safety lines for our men, securing root systems of trees that have to be transplanted, rigging guy lines . . . our job could not be done without rope. If the production of fine U. S.-made rope were to be crippled, we would go out of business—and ours is a business that runs into millions of dollars a year."

The Davey Tree Expert Co. represents another facet of the American industrial community which, for more than 100 years, has relied on the U. S. cordage industry as a dependable source of the high-quality rope and other cordage products so essential to its successful operation.

In the best interests of America's industrial and military well-being, it is imperative that the small but vital U. S. cordage industry be kept a strong industry.

Presented in behalf of
the U. S. Cordage Industry by

Plymouth Cordage Company
Plymouth, Massachusetts

MUSIC

Singer with Instinct

Songstress Peggy Lee has always liked the old (1932) Rodgers & Hart waltz *Lover* ("Lover, when I'm near you," etc.). She gets a picture in her head when she hears it: "The French Foreign Legion is riding out into the desert. They start off at a moderate speed. Then the leader raises his whip and swings it in the air, and they start to go faster and faster."*

Though Peggy's dream leader—brandishing a whip—sounded more like Eddie Arcaro than a spurred cavalryman, Decca was impressed, agreed to let her record the



Murray Garrett—Graphic House
PEGGY LEE
250,000 lovers.

old waltz as a triple-gaited mambo with a 37-piece accompaniment. In its first two weeks, Peggy Lee's *Lover* has sold 250,000 copies.

New Sounds. Some of Peggy's old fans, accustomed to a soft voice and easy rhythms from her, were not pleased. They thought they detected traces of the Johnnie Ray wail. They were bothered by the sound of Peggy's gentle voice struggling against a clattering rhythm section, galloping violins, and something that roared like the M-G-M lion. The overall effect was a little like an echoing nightmare in a subway express. But it didn't bother the fans of "the new sound" (*TIME*, Oct. 29): they were buying the platter faster than any Decca record since *Good Night, Irene*. Peggy Lee's attitude: "I sing the way the song seems to want to be sung."

Peggy always trusted her instinct in such matters, and it kept her close to the big time for a dozen years, while V-2-type

* Rodgers & Hart, who wrote the song for Jeanette MacDonald in *Love Me Tonight*, had a different picture in their minds: Jeanette jogging along a French country lane in a one-horse trap.



Remember the snappy drummer? The fellow who sold and ran? He's been put out of business by sales executives, sales engineers, and representatives, who serve as they sell.

Kemper-Thomas' advertising counselors, for example, sell calendars and business gifts to businessmen the nation over. But they don't stop there. They also perform invaluable services in the field of advertising. To name just one, you can depend upon your Kemper-Thomas advertising counselor for advice in setting up a complete, economical, workable advertising program. Because of his wide knowledge of many types of business, he can outline a plan that fits your exact needs, supply the exact items needed at the best possible price, and work out a system of distribution, without which no advertising can work effectively.

If you feel that your advertising dollars should do a better job for you, call in your Kemper-Thomas man now. If he's not listed in your phone book, write us direct.

KEMPER-THOMAS

Advertising that *Lives* CINCINNATI 12, OHIO
OFFICES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES

No matter what else you take for
SUMMER COLDS
YOU NEED
BAYER ASPIRIN FIRST!
TO RELIEVE PAIN AND DISCOMFORT
FEEL BETTER FAST!

YOUR HEADQUARTERS
IN
MIAMI
FLORIDA

the **McAllister**
MIAMI'S BIGGEST AND BEST HOTEL
COMPLETELY AIR CONDITIONED
Facing beautiful Biscayne Bay Park
Convenient to everything.
Moderate Rates . . . Literature.



Use of the Ultra High Frequencies (UHF) means more television for more people—and the expansion of TV into almost every part of the United States.

This "master key" opens television's doors — *in millions of additional homes*

Now the "green light" is official. Television can expand into UHF. Behind this decision are years of research and engineering, tested and proved at the first UHF station to operate on a regular daily basis—RCA's "Tower on Success Hill," near Bridgeport, Connecticut.

Key to nationwide TV coverage, UHF provides 70 new channels for

about 1500 new stations. Equally important, the ultra high frequencies can be utilized without diminishing service in today's 17 million television homes. More channels, more stations, mean more programs for present audiences—as well as television for the millions now beyond its reach.

Already, RCA has designed the equipment needed to broadcast UHF television, and is ready with instruments for home

reception. This preparedness comes from more than 25 years of television pioneering, and represents an investment of approximately \$3,000,000 in UHF alone—including the vital studies at "Success Hill."

* * *

See the latest in radio, television, electronics at RCA Exhibition Hall, 36 West 49th Street, N. Y. Admission is free. Radio Corporation of America, RCA Building, Radio City, New York 20, N. Y.



RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

World leader in radio—first in television

America's most
preferred imported
car...



Distributors for Eastern States:—The Hoffman Motor Car Co. Inc., 457 Park Avenue, New York, 22, and at Equine Building, South Water Street, Chicago. Distributors for States West of Mississippi:—Charles H. Hornburg Jr., 9176 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Acclaimed by readers of a leading American magazine in a recent survey as "the foreign car which they would most like to own", statistics now show that Jaguar sales total more than all the rest of imported makes in the over \$2000 class put together. Such striking evidence shows the great appeal which the Jaguar has for discriminating Americans. Its superb styling, luxurious appointments and tremendous performance make the Jaguar sheer joy to drive and own. The Mark VII Sedan and XK Sports are both powered by the world-famous 160 h.p. XK120 motor and each is the finest in its field. Prices from \$4035.

JAGUAR

GRACE...SPACE...PACE...



THE FAVORITE IN YOUR GLASSES

Look no further for a winning bottled in bond bourbon. Choose **CHURCHILL** and you'll enjoy a full-flavored distinguished Kentucky favorite.

**FLEISCHMANN'S
CHURCHILL**
BOTTLED IN BOND
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

100 PROOF • THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION • OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY

careers were exploding all around her. She was singing before she could talk properly, back in Jamestown, N.Dak., where she was born Norma Egstom 32 years ago. Eventually, she got up the nerve to give Hollywood a teen-age whirl, got a singing job at \$2 a night, but soon landed back home with an overstrained throat that required five operations. After that, she had to learn to sing softly.

New Contracts. Benny Goodman fell for Peggy's voice in Chicago in 1941, signed her on. She bent an ear to his swinging band every night for two years, learned things about rhythm that put her in solidly with the hepcats, made her first hit records (*Why Don't You Do Right?*, *Let's Do It*). She married Guitarist Dave Barbours, wrote a nonsense bestseller, *Mañana*, with him before they split up a year ago.

Songstress Lee has no immediate plans to make another "sound" record like *Lover*, but she has irons in the fire. She has a contract to work on the score of a new Walt Disney, is opening at Ciro's Hollywood nightclub, and is planning her own TV film series. What with learning the 14 to 20 songs she sings on her twice-a-week CBS radio show (*Club 88*), it makes a pretty tight schedule. But Peggy says she's "just gardening" on the West Coast. She wants to go to New York, where "the tempo of show business is really up."

Wozzeck at La Scala

Milan's La Scala heard Alban Berg's atonal opera *Wozzeck* for the first time last week and, somewhat to its own surprise, was impressed.

A few last-ditch Verdi-lovers turned out to express their disapproval, greeted the opening curtain with whistles, catcalls and shouts of "*Vergogna, vergogna!*" (Shame, shame!). But the ruckus was feeble compared with the uproar they raised over Gian-Carlo Menotti's *Conrad* and Juan José Castro's *Proserpina* (TIME, Feb. 5, 1951; March 31, 1952).

Most of the audience listened with caution in Act I, but by Act II they were applauding enthusiastically. At the end, they gave Conductor Dimitri Mitropoulos and the cast ten curtain calls. Further, in a rare personal tribute, a crowd lingered outside to cheer the conductor again after the performance.

Mitropoulos and La Scala had worked hard to make *Wozzeck* a success. When Italian sopranos showed little interest in learning the exacting role of *Wozzeck's* faithless mistress Marie, Mitropoulos gave it to Soprano Dorothy Dow, of Galveston, Texas. The part of the plodding, unhappy *Wozzeck* went to Italian Baritone Tito Gobbi. Milan admired them both. Another successful touch was the scenery; instead of going in strong for realism, Designer Gianni Ratto made his sets shadowy and changeable, to keep the audience under the emotional spell of Berg's music.

Composer Berg's white-haired widow Helene sat in La Scala's royal box, approved: "Everything was right." Said Milan's *Il Popolo*: "This performance will remain in La Scala's history."

TIME, JUNE 16, 1952

THERE'S A TOUCH OF **TENNESSEE** IN **CALIFORNIA** MOVIES



Hollywood, California is the motion picture capital of the world . . . a land of beauty, glamour and romance. Tennessee Products' Acetic Acid is shipped to California for use in processing safety film on which is recorded America's great motion pictures and events of historical importance. Intermediates for dyes to make movies colorful and cosmetics to make stars beautiful, also, depend on products from **TENNESSEE**.

But movies aren't everything in California and on the growing West Coast. **TENNESSEE** ships Benzaldehyde to the West Coast for food flavoring, Sodium Benzoate and Benzoic Acid as preservatives, Benzene Hexachloride for insecticides . . . and these are but a few of the Pacific Coast states products in which **TENNESSEE** has a hand. Tennessee Products helps all the other states in the country in the same way . . . supplying things they need for their industries. That's why Tennessee Products is known from Coast to Coast as an industry serving all industry.



TENNESSEE
PRODUCTS & CHEMICAL

Corporation
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

Producers of: FUELS • METALLURGICAL
PRODUCTS • TENSULATE BUILDING
PRODUCTS • AROMATIC CHEMICALS
WOOD CHEMICALS • AGRICULTURAL
CHEMICALS

The cool of a Scottish loch... the kiss of a Highland breeze...

*and the friendly refreshment of
Scotland's Prince of Whiskies*



Rare Highland Flower—PRIMULA SCOTICA

Called the "little gem" of the North Country pastures, the *Primula Scotica* is seldom seen elsewhere in the world, for it grows only in Scotland. A tiny plant—just two inches high—it is greatly admired for the beauty of its blue-purple flowers which cluster on each stem. The fact that *Primula Scotica* does not multiply freely contributes to its rarity.

CHIVAS

The generous and gracious welcome with which America has greeted our finest and most treasured product—Chivas Regal—has been one of the most gratifying of the more than 150 years' experience of the house of Chivas Brothers.

With deep appreciation, Chivas Brothers Ltd. welcomes its American friends visiting Scotland and hopes you will enjoy the pleasures of a Scottish summer. And wherever you may be... may the rare quality of Scotland's Prince of Whiskies prove one of summer's most welcome pleasures.



Rare 12 year old Scotch Whisky—CHIVAS REGAL is limited in quantity because only the choicest of aged Scotch Whisky is used. So, like the *Primula Scotica*, this esteemed Highland whisky is one of Scotland's rarest treasures.

CHIVAS BROTHERS
LTD. of Aberdeen,
Scotland—Est. 1801—
By Appointment Purveyors of
Provisions and Scotch Whisky to the
Late King George VI



REGAL 12 YEAR OLD SCOTCH WHISKY

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF • CHIVAS BROTHERS IMPORT CORP. • NEW YORK, N. Y.



"Making time comes naturally, since he got a '52 Ford Truck!"

**MORE POWER,
MORE ECONOMY, TOO**
in 5 great Ford Truck engines



New 101-h.p. Low-Friction 215 cu. in. Cost Clipper Six. Overhead free-turn valves. High Compression. Full Flow Oil Filter (extra cost).

World-famous 239 cu. in. Truck V-8, now develops 106-h.p. Autothermic Pistons. Power Pilot economy.



Proved 254 cu. in. Ford Big Six now develops 112-h.p. High-lift camshaft. Free-turn valves.

New 145-h.p. Low-Friction 279 cu. in. Cargo King V-8 gives more power per cu. in. than other leading truck engines. Full Flow Oil Filter.



New 155-h.p. Low-Friction 317 cu. in. Cargo King V-8. The most powerful Ford Truck engine ever built. Full Flow Oil Filter. Overhead valves.

NEW Power for Speed-Hauling and up to 14% Gas Savings, too!

New Ford Trucks for '52 feature three new ultra-modern engines. New LOW-FRICTION, overhead-valve, high-compression design offers gas savings up to 1 gallon in 7.

Ordinarily, a truck engine will "waste" power equal to about 4,200 miles for every 10,000 miles of truck travel. This power "waste" goes to overcome friction within the engine.

Three new Ford Truck engines because of their square design—a bigger bore and a shorter stroke—liberate much of this power "waste" by reducing friction up to 30%. Thus, they deliver more of the power they develop.

The new Ford Low-Friction engines offer many features. New SHORT-STROKE cuts piston travel up to 20%. New direct-breathing

OVERHEAD VALVES contribute to more efficient fuel-feeding. New HIGH COMPRESSION gives extra wallop on regular gas. Get the full, money-saving story from your Ford Dealer now!



NEW 6½-FT. PICKUP offers one of the biggest bodies in the half-ton field! Choice of V-8 or Six. Other models up to 41,000 lb. G.C.W. Big Jons.

Availability of equipment, accessories and trim as illustrated is dependent on material supply conditions.

FINAL RESULTS
see yourself win
FORD TRUCK
ECONOMY RUN

LOOK at this 144-page book to see how little it costs to run a Ford Truck in your kind of work. It has on-the-job figures for over 195 kinds of business. See it at your Ford Dealer's now!

FORD TRUCKS for '52 cost still less to run!

RADIO & TELEVISION

Giveaway Peak

In Medford, Mass. last week, the radio giveaway show reached its pinnacle. Mrs. Franklin Hart correctly answered the questions put to her by Disk Jockey Dave Maynard of station WHIL and won—the radio station. As is usually the case on radio giveaways, there are some strings attached. Mrs. Hart wins the station for only one day. She gets none of the station profits but has the privilege of choosing the day's programs and having them broadcast from her own house.



CRITIC GATHINGS (SHIMMYING)
"The rashest thing I ever viewed."

Where Is the Line?

Congress got around to some formal worrying about TV's morals last week, with results that should have made many a TV comic envious.

The star performer, who launched the House investigation of TV: Congressman Ezekiel Gathings of West Memphis, Ark., who enlivened his testimony with an impromptu shimmy to demonstrate how a grass-skirted TV actress danced a hoochie-coochie. Said Statesman Gathings in breathless summary: "The rashest thing I ever viewed."

Colorado's Republican J. Edgar Chenoweth, a member of the subcommittee, was eager for facts & figures on TV's plunging necklines. "In boxing, if a man hits below the belt there is a foul," said Chenoweth, sententiously. "Now where is the line here?" After a thoughtful pause, Witness Gathings allowed it was "a hard matter to say just where the line should be," but hopefully urged that "reasonableness be the guide."

Alcoholics & Snobs. South Carolina's Democrat Joseph Bryson, a Baptist and an avid joiner (Mason, Shriner, Woodman, Redman, Junior Merry-maker, Moose and United Commercial Traveler), admitted that what he liked on TV was Fred Waring, Herb Shriner and "rassling." What he didn't like was the "wife-swapping" indicated by the introduction of a TV star (unnamed) which included the information that the star's current wife was "so-and-so." At this news, Colorado's Chenoweth again sat up and took notice. "Shows the actual exchange of wives, does it?" he asked intently. "Is that a common type of program?" Pleased by this alertness, Congressman Bryson nodded solemnly.

A parade of Prohibition witnesses took up the cudgels against the Demon Rum. They charged that brewers have taken over TV with their "beercasting" because "they need a new crop of drinkers to replace chronic alcoholics." The witnesses also objected that TV advertising plays up the creamy frothiness of beer and ignores its alcoholic content. Dr. J. Raymond Schmidt, of the International Order of Good Templars, expressing fear of the snob appeal of TV, told a pathetic story of "a little tot who says to her mother, 'Why don't you drink such-and-such a beer like the fashionable ladies do?'" Questioning developed that Crusader Schmidt did not have too much firsthand knowledge of the effects of TV on tiny tots: he admitted he has neither a TV set nor any children.

Necklines & Blushes. Crime shows also got their lumps (in Gathings' words: "TV is a continuation of nothin' in the world but shootin' and killin' and stompin' on people in alleys"), but sex got by far the biggest play. Illinois' Republican Congressman Fred Busbey (who is both an Elk and a Moose) gave a resounding if not very relevant introduction to Chicago News Commentator Paul Harvey as "one of the greatest living Americans today" and one who has long been in the "fore-front of the fight on Communism." Harvey attributed TV's woes to the fact that most performers are "steeped in the bawdy night life" of Manhattan. He insisted he was no prude but that things are so bad he has had to turn off one program (unnamed) "rather than blush in front of my own wife."

Elizabeth Smart, of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, digressed from denouncing beer to complain that she had seen some mighty low-cut necklines ("They dropped almost off the shoulder") and to disapprove of Groucho Marx's pretending to misunderstand a lady who said she was a skip-tracer. * Quipped Groucho: "You're a strip-teaser? That's fine. I'm tired of this namby-pamby stuff."

Mostly, the television industry tried to pretend that the congressional investigation wasn't going on. But in Hollywood,

* Someone who tracks down evasive debtors.



Golden rich, moderately sweet,
#28 is one of that fine family of
Duff Gordon Sherries known the
world over for their high quality
and superb flavor.

America's most popular sherry...
serve #28 today... as a treat
to your friends as well as yourself.

There's a Duff Gordon Sherry
to suit every taste

CREAM...A superbly rich and mellow
oloroso... adds zest and enjoyment to
good food. Delightful as a dessert.
NINA... Pale, medium dry. An ideal
luncheon or afternoon sherry.

PINTA... Very pale, very dry. Serve
chilled as a refreshing cocktail or
appetizer.

AMONTILLADO... Pale, dry, a true
Amontillado... another exquisite
sherry to be enjoyed before, during
or after meals.

DUFF GORDON
SINCE 1772

SOLE U.S. REPRESENTATIVES
MUNSON G. SHAW CO., INC., NEW YORK, N. Y.



Excellence welcomes Comparison ... compels Respect

PLOVER BOND letterhead paper, by every standard, displays a striking and conclusive superiority. Unmistakably crafted for those accustomed to compliments, PLOVER BOND's sculptured surface texturing bespeaks of its users an instinctive insistence on the finest. Yet, remarkably, visibly better PLOVER BOND costs the average company only about two cents more per day than ordinary letterhead paper! Rag Content, Tub Sized, Air Dried PLOVER BOND is available from your printing firm. Whiting-Plover Paper Company, Stevens Point, Wisconsin.



Groucho Marx could not resist cracking back. Said Groucho: "Television is cleaner than most American parlors. Sex was doing pretty well long before television was invented."

A Word from Our Sponsor

Many viewers wince, talk back or leave the room during TV commercials. But not earnest, 41-year-old Dick Stark. He sits on the edge of his chair, wide-eyed and alert to every move and inflection of the TV salesman. His interest is professional and his appraisal is that of a connoisseur. For when he is not listening to commercials, Dick Stark is delivering them. He sells Chesterfield cigarettes on TV's *Perry Como Show* and *Gangbusters*, Amm-i-dent toothpaste on *Danger*, Camay soap on radio's *Pepper Young's Family*. "Television has been good to me," says Stark mellowly, "It's given me something I never had in 18 years of radio: fan clubs. I have one in Chicago, one in New Jersey, one on Long Island, and two in Brooklyn."

Neutral Voice. Most announcers, even in such a major radio & TV center as Manhattan, earn less than \$10,000 a year. But about a quarter of Manhattan's 400 announcers have annual incomes of from \$10-\$50,000. And a select few, including Stark and such topflight professionals as Ed Herlihy, Ben Grauer and Ralph Edwards, make more than \$50,000 a year. Compared to TV actors, TV announcers are a moneyed aristocracy.

What makes a good announcer? Dick Stark's basic ingredient seems to be averageness. He is of medium height, has thinning hair and a bland, open face that is naggingly familiar to people. Stark says: "Everybody thinks I went to school with him. I've just got one of those faces." He was born in Michigan, grew up in California, graduated from Cornell. This geographic spread has given Stark a "neutral" accent that can't be easily identified with any region of the U.S. Network executives have a theory that national audiences are distracted by such regional characteristics as the broad "a" of New England, the twang of the far West, the drawl of the South. Much better, for their purpose, is a man like Stark who sounds as if he came from nowhere and everywhere.

Calico Touch. The successful announcer needs more than a voice and a passable appearance. He must be what the admen call "sincere." This means that his devotion to the product he is selling rivals the dedication of an old-style Japanese samurai to his Emperor. Stark is everywhere conceded to bring the "utmost in sincerity" to his commercials. Says NBC Vice President Ted Cott: "He's got the real calico touch." According to CBS's James Simons, when a TV director wants super-sincerity in a commercial, he tells the announcer: "Give it the Dick Stark treatment."

Practiced performers like Stark and Ed Herlihy (who often doubles as a master of ceremonies as well as an announcer) achieve sincerity by aiming their sales



Martha Holmes

SALESMAN STARK
Two fan clubs in Brooklyn.

talk at a single individual instead of the millions in their audience. Herlihy plays to a Mrs. Lucey in Maine. Stark says: "I play to Mom Schlegelmilch in Garrettsville, Ohio. When I was a radio announcer she wrote and said I sounded like one of her boys. When she saw me on TV she said I looked like one of them."

Both men are expert practitioners of the "throwaway," a device for slurring or racing over the unimportant words in a commercial. This technique was brought to its finest flower by Announcer Ralph Edwards. Explains Stark: "Every sponsor has to put some weasel words in his copy that you've got to learn how to handle. Suppose an announcer has to say: 'If you use Blank face cream you can hope for a more beautiful complexion.' You've got to get that word 'hope' in to keep the lawyers happy, but as much as you can, you'll throw it away."



Martha Holmes

SALESMAN HERLIHY
One lady in Maine.

Two Equals Seven. Stark and Herlihy acknowledge their debt to Ralph Edwards, the first of the folksy, sincere-type announcers (the most successful: Arthur Godfrey). They are also uneasily aware that fashions change in announcers, as in everything else. For a while, TV was threatened by an invasion of women announcers—e.g., Betty Furness, Wendy Barrie and Singer Dorothy Collins. But Herlihy says: "Sponsors have found that the average woman listener would rather get her information from a man. Women will watch Betty Furness selling a refrigerator, but what they're thinking is 'I wonder where Betty got that dress.'" One new fashion is a trend toward such mature, grave, slow-spoken types as Longine's Frank Knight, the sort of men, explains CBS's Simmons, who look like family doctors, lawyers or bankers.

Like all announcers, Stark and Herlihy are haunted by the possibility of blowing their lines. Herlihy made one of the first U.S. television commercials back in 1941: when he saw the TV camera bearing down on him, he forgot every line he had carefully memorized. Announcers still shudder at the thought of the classic fumble made by Radcliffe Hall. He was racing the clock to complete a bread commercial before his show went off the air when, to his horror, he managed to turn the tagline "Always demand the best in bread!" into a whopping spoonerism.

Announcers often dislike commercial clichés as much as listeners do. On Stark's list of pet hates are commercials beginning with "Yes!"; or "y'know, folks . . ." and the phrase "Do it today!" Herlihy detests "Listen!"; having to say, "The supply is limited, so act now!" and "Don't take my word for it, go out and buy a box today." Stark also has a heretical notion that "I can sell just as much of any product in two minutes as I now do in seven." Unfortunately for televisioners, there is little chance that any sponsor will give him the chance to try it.

Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, June 13. Times are E.D.T., subject to change.

RADIO

NBC Summer Symphony (Sat. 6:45 p.m., NBC). Laszlo Halasz conducts music of Mozart, Borodin, Rimsky-Korsakov.

Best Plays (Sun. 8:30 p.m., NBC). Mildred Natwick in *On Borrowed Time*.

American Forum of the Air (Sun. 10:30 p.m., NBC). Senators Taft and Kefauver.

TELEVISION

Playhouse of Stars (Fri. 9 p.m., CBS). Teresa Wright in *Dress in the Window*.

Saturday Night Dance Party (Sat. 9:30 p.m., NBC). New variety and music show, starring Jerry Lester.

Horizons (Sun. 7:30 p.m., ABC). Anthropologist Margaret Mead discusses "The Future of the Family."

Robert Montgomery Presents (Mon. 9:30 p.m., NBC). Mimi Benzell in *Of Lena Geyer*.

LABORER



Take the shovel out of a man's hand and put him on the seat of a "PAYLOADER" tractor-shovel. He'll show you how to move bulk materials faster, easier and cheaper.

Many thousands of companies in practically every industry are profiting with "PAYLOADERS". They dig, load and carry all types of bulk materials — unload box cars — handle bags, barrels, bales — bulldoze, level, grade — remove snow — lift, push or pull — indoors or outdoors, over paved or unpaved surfaces. They eliminate slow, costly, laborious methods . . . save time, money and boost production.

Regardless of size of your operations, there's a "PAYLOADER" to fit your job — eight sizes with bucket capacities from 12 cu. ft. to 1½ cu. yd. The Frank G. Hough Co., 766 Sunnyside Avenue, Libertyville, Illinois.

World-wide Distribution



The "PAYLOADER" is sold by a vast network of leading Distributors in all principal cities throughout the world. They have complete parts stocks and finest service facilities. Look for your "PAYLOADER" Distributor in the telephone classified under "Contractors' Equipment" or "Trucks — Industrial", or write direct.



PAYLOADER®
THE FRANK G. HOUGH CO. • Since 1920



RELIGION

Restitution in Brooklyn

Fortnight ago, when thieves broke into Brooklyn's Regina Pacis shrine and stole two diamond-studded crowns (TIME, June 9), Monsignor Angelo R. Cioffi made a public appeal. If the thieves would return his church's treasures, he would "forgive and forget." Through the week his parishioners, who had given their money and jewels for the crowns, prayed earnestly for their return.

This week, just before Sunday's 10 o'clock Mass, a special-delivery mailman brought a carefully wrapped package to Pastor Cioffi's rectory. The crowns were inside. There was no letter of explanation and contrition. Monsignor Cioffi needed none. He sped to the altar, told the news to his parishioners.

"It is a miracle," he said, "the greatest miracle I have ever seen."

Conventions

¶ In Charleston, W.Va., the Southern Presbyterians (membership: 720,000) dissolved their church's only Negro synod, Snedecor Memorial Synod. Henceforth, Negro Presbyterian churches in Louisiana, Georgia and Alabama will send their delegates to the white synods in those states.

¶ In Minneapolis, the Evangelical Lutheran Church (membership: 872,000) voted approval of a merger with the other four churches in the American Lutheran Conference (American Lutheran Church, United Evangelical Lutheran Church, Augustana Evangelical Lutheran Church, Lutheran Free Church). Actual union, warned Church President Johan A. Aasgaard, may take a dozen years more.

¶ In Boston, 7,500 Christian Scientists gathered for their annual meeting, elected Britain's Lieut. Colonel Robert Ellis Key

president of the Mother Church for the coming year. Scientists also heard reports of spiritual healing during the year. Among diseases reported cured by faith: cancer, infantile paralysis, gallstones, asthma, arthritis, nephritis, carious bones, a deformed nose.

"World's Most Unusual"

Bob Jones University in Greenville, S.C. calls itself "the world's most unusual university," and this year's commencement exercises showed some good reasons. Instead of being preserved in bronze or marble, the university's namesake-founder, the Rev. Bob Jones Sr., 68, chairman of the board of trustees, marched in the academic procession. There was no senior or junior prom, since Bob Jones's 3,000 men & women students do not dance. Instead, the outstanding social events of graduation week were a student sermon contest and a presentation of *King Lear*, with President Bob Jones Jr., 40, the founder's son, in the title role. At a gathering of strictly nonsmoking (and teetotaling) alumni,* it took a while to light the candles on the anniversary cake because nobody was carrying matches.

In its 25 years, Bob Jones University has demonstrated that it is possible to take the enthusiasm of a religious revival, transfer it to a campus, and sustain it without missing a beat. The school was founded in 1927 when Bob Jones Sr., a veteran evangelist, decided that the "sawdust aisle" of the camp meeting was really just the beginning of a Christian education. With \$25,000 in contributions and savings, he set up a college designed to be "uncompromisingly orthodox and definite-

* Most famous Bob Jones alumnus: Evangelist Billy Graham.

ly and spiritually evangelistic . . . to witness for and win people to the Lord Jesus Christ." He had 88 students.

Now the cream-colored brick buildings of Bob Jones University's new \$10 million campus dominate Greenville (pop. 58,161). They include an art museum, a Radio-City-like auditorium, a \$100,000 radio station, WMUU, and one of the best-equipped movie & television studios between New York and Hollywood. Students may major in biology, business administration or cinema, get graduate degrees in fine arts. None of this modernity, however, implies a compromise with religion. Says Bob Jones Sr.: "They say we have laid down the red carpet on the sawdust aisle. What of it? You'll still find Jesus on the sawdust aisle."

Firmly Fundamentalist. Bob Jones Sr. is a Methodist; his son Bob Jr., who found modern Methodists "too liberal," was ordained by the Christian and Missionary Alliance. They keep their school interdenominational, however, welcome students and faculty members who subscribe to a firmly fundamentalist creed. "Religiously," says Bob Jr., "our testimony is: whatever the Bible says is true."

The zeal of Jones Father & Son spreads to most of their students. All classes begin with prayers. Students argue about Bible texts as other collegians talk about sport, politics and sex. At Sunday worship and the weekday chapel services, students steep themselves in "the oldtime religion"—the intimate spiritual question, the gospel hymn, the inspirational prayer.

The world's most unusual university also emphasizes such activities as music, art and the theater. "Art without Bohemianism" is a Bob Jones slogan. Last year the university marketed a 100-minute film version of *Macbeth* in full color, with Bob Jr., as usual, in the title role. Before the action, the star explains to the audience Shakespeare's "gospel message," i.e., Macbeth came to grief because "he did not know and love Christ."

Right Side Up. Some 1,200 students, whom Bob Sr. fondly calls his "Preacher Boys," are studying for the ministry. On school weekends and during the summers, they pour off the campus to bring converts to the sawdust aisle. At churches where they assist, they often make pastors uneasy with their fervent preaching.

Last week the Preacher Boys were heading off campus again for their summer missions. Each man must preach one sermon a week; every day he must find a new spiritual "contact," ask him how he stands with Christ.

At commencement exercises before they left, President Bob Jones Jr. summed up their school's philosophy: "Bob Jones University students have never followed the trends of the day. Twenty years ago, they were not swallowing goldfish, and this spring there were no lingerie raids on our girls' dormitories . . . We do not send out graduates to turn the world upside down. The world is already upside down. We are sending you out with the message of the Gospel, which can turn men right side up."



BOB JONES SR. & JR.

They laid a red carpet down the sawdust aisle.

Bob Craig

Low Incisiveness?

Crockford's Clerical Directory is the 94-year-old (but unofficial) *Who's Who* of the Church of England. By custom, each new edition carries an anonymous preface, commenting on the state of the world and the church. Last week the new *Crockford's* was out, and its preface had churchmen—particularly high churchmen—smarting under their clerical collars.

"The Church," lamented *Crockford's* anonymous preface writer, "is unable to attract people to listen to the gospel . . . [Its preaching] is like a safety match, effective only on specially prepared surfaces . . . The multiplication of bishops (fewer clergy and smaller congregations apparently needing more oversight, on the queer principle that smaller armies need more generals) . . . contributes precisely nothing to a remedy . . . Some bishops are still happily learned men, though their learning is seldom relevant to present pressing need . . . Far too many of them bring no intellectual gifts or accomplishments to adorn their episcopal office . . .

"There is one respect," *Crockford's* conceded, "in which none could suggest that bishops nowadays fail to adorn their office. We refer to robes and external decorations . . . Long-traditional practice and restraint have been largely displaced by sartorial idiosyncrasy. Of copes and mitres we speak no evil, but we think parading in a scarlet robe . . . is ridiculous, if not worse . . ."

Crockford's critic noted the tendency of Anglican bishops to add a cross in front of their signature—"another imitation of Rome. When added by hand, it generally takes the form of a plus sign . . . It is now common to hear bishops referred to in the style of 'plus Aubrey' or 'plus Brian,' which invites the comment that, in many cases, 'minus' would be more appropriate."

On reading *Crockford's* last week, Geoffrey Francis Fisher, Archbishop of Canterbury, said: "Most unfair and unseemly." Speculated a high churchman: "Whoever the author is, he belongs to the militant low church. [Moreover], no high dignity, whatever his views . . . would express himself in so petulant a manner or make petty references to shades of purple . . . These definitely rule out anyone of importance."* Said the *Church of England Newspaper* (low church): "Whoever the writer may be, he is a man distinguished by incisiveness of thought and accuracy in the use of language."

The Fast Ends

For 51 days, the Rev. Jesse J. Ivie, a traveling Ozarks evangelist, fasted in his cottage at Cherryville, Mo., hoping that his sacrifice would bring him a special sign from God (TIME, June 9). He refused to see doctors, slowly grew weaker. "If the Lord wants me to die," he said, "I'm ready to go." This week, surrounded by his praying family, Evangelist Ivie died.

* For 25 years, *Crockford's* prefaces were written by the Very Rev. Richard Henry Malden, Dean of Wells, broad churchman, but the fact became known only after his death last year.



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*Reader's Digest
January, 1950



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MORE THAN BRANDS WITHOUT FILTERS**

M E D I C I N E

For Creaky Joints

For the estimated 7,000,000 Americans who suffer from aching, creaky, inflamed or stiffened joints there were two important pieces of news at last week's meeting of the American Rheumatism Association in Chicago. Not so good was the experts' consensus on hydrocortisone (Compound F), which some Philadelphia doctors had praised to the skies for thawing out joints frozen by arthritis: its usefulness is limited and it is far too expensive. The good news was that a cheap drug (one-third the price of cortisone) has been found which relieves pain in most cases of arthritis and also in gout.

As often happens, the new pain reliever was discovered by accident. The venerable (est. 1764) Swiss pharmaceutical house of Geigy Co. was trying to find a solvent for the almost insoluble painkiller, Pyramidon. Geigy chemists hit upon phenylbutazone, which worked well as a solvent and then paid a big bonus: it turned out to have remarkable painkilling qualities of its own. Geigy started churning out phenylbutazone (from coal tar) for research.

Unlike cortisone, phenylbutazone is not a hormone, and it does not seem to arrest the disease process in arthritis. But it has one huge advantage over ACTH and cortisone: its benefits are not limited to the 10% of arthritis sufferers who have the rheumatoid form of the disease. Instead, it seems to work equally well in the far commoner osteoarthritis (also called degenerative arthritis), which usually comes with old age, and in the crippling arthritis of the spine.

In a vast majority of more than 600 patients studied in Manhattan and San Francisco, doctors found that phenylbutazone gave these results:

- ¶ Marked relief from pain within three days.
- ¶ Great improvement in mobility of joints.
- ¶ Reduction of local inflammation.

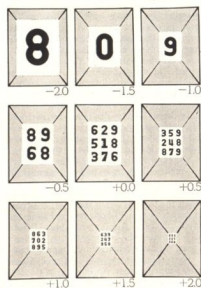
However, phenylbutazone's effects (like cortisone's) do not last long after the drug is withdrawn. The dosage, usually three or four tablets daily, at a cost of 50¢ to 75¢, must be continuous for long-lasting benefit. And phenylbutazone also has some annoying side effects: one patient out of four has suffered nausea, hives or water retention. As a result, one out of twelve has had to discontinue the drug; the rest have been able to go on with it, taking antihistamine or alkalis to control the side effects. In any case, say the doctors, phenylbutazone must be given only under close supervision.

In gouty arthritis, said Manhattan's Dr. Estes C. Kidd, phenylbutazone has shown "remarkable effects," and appears to combine the virtues of colchicine and Benemid, the two best drugs up to now. For the whole range of joint disorders, said Dr. Cornelius Traeger, it is "the most potent non-narcotic analgesic we have."

"Read the Bottom Line"

Though dozens of different eye charts have been proposed by assorted experts in half a century, none has displaced the familiar Snellen chart, topped by its king-sized "E". But this week the American Optometric Association announced the adoption of a chart made up of numerals, which, its members hope, will send the old Snellen into outer darkness.

Dr. J. Ottis White, president of the optometrists,* attacked the Snellen chart as a crude test which ignores the way people actually use their eyes. "The new A.O.A. standard tests visual recognition—meaningful vision—rather than mere visual acuity," said Optometrist White. "It takes into account the many distinct skills



OPTOMETRISTS' NEW CHART†

An eagle rates Plus 2.

involved in visual recognition, including light perception, contrast perception, resolving power, line perception and shape perception." The eyes of ordinary mortals could not detect these fine points; to them, the new chart looked like just a lot of heavily drawn figures.

In the new A.O.A. scale, normal vision gets a plus rating. Plus 1 roughly represents the Snellen's 20/20, zero the Snellen's 20/40 (ability to read at 20 ft. what normal eyes should read at 40 ft.). Minus 1 the Snellen 20/80, and Minus 2 the old 20/160 (which takes extra thick glasses to correct) (Plus 2 in the new scale indicates

* Who are not licensed to treat eye diseases, but simply to measure the eyes' performance.

† For a complete eye test the chart must be read in different sizes at distances ranging from 16 inches to 20 feet. A rough & ready test: if the reader can make out the figures in the bottom left-hand square of this chart at a distance of a yard, in a good light, he has Plus 1 (normal) sight.

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The companionship of pets—the fresh air and freedom of wide-open spaces—these are among life's greatest joys. These pleasures often are denied to young and old who suffer from allergies such as hay fever and bronchial asthma. Today, by the use of Cortisone, physicians frequently are able to relieve the symptoms of asthma that failed to respond to other types of treatment.

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LANDING NUMBER 39,000!



It was no coincidence that the 39,000th plane to come to a stop in the U. S. S. Midway's arresting gear was a F9F PANTHER. These battle-proved turbo-jets, Korean veterans since the start, have been taking off and landing on this big carrier's deck for over two years.

That the once spectacular is now the commonplace reflects Navy and Marine Corps skill and teamwork ... plus the inherent ruggedness and dependability of the GRUMMAN PANTHER.



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an eagle-eyed ability to read at 20 ft. what most people cannot read beyond 10 ft.

Many eye doctors were inclined to sniff at the optometrists' new chart, arguing that most such gadgets are crude at best, and the Snellen is no cruder than the rest. However, the last word may be the optometrists': they give three times as many eyesight tests as the ophthalmologists.

Out of the Basement

When Meharry Medical College in Nashville graduated its first five students in 1877, its classrooms were in a basement and its academic standing was, if possible, even lower. This month, Meharry will graduate 97 Negro doctors and dentists—nearly half of all those going out into practice in the U.S. this year—and the school has long been rated "A" by the exacting standards of the A.M.A. Last week, in another graduation of a sort, Meharry's



DR. WEST
Meharry rates "A."

predominantly white trustees elected the school's first Negro president.

Harold Daddford West, 47, the new president, is no M.D. Born in New Jersey, schooled in Washington, D.C., he took pre-medical courses at the University of Illinois and applied for its medical school, but was not accepted. He resigned himself to a career in chemistry (his major), and by 1927 was teaching at Meharry. With a fellowship from the Rockefeller General Education Board (Meharry's chief patron, to the tune of more than \$8,000,000 in all) he got his Ph.D. in biochemistry, at Illinois.

As head of biochemistry at Meharry, Dr. West carried on basic research into the mysteries of metabolism and nutrition: amino acids, proteins, vitamins, the amount of calcium in the blood, how iron gets into the blood (using radioactive iron as a tracer). He was elected to the American Society of Biological Chemists (one of its two Negro members) and pub-



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lished papers in a dozen technical journals.

Two years ago, Biochemist West was named to the interim committee set up to run Meharry when its president resigned. West so impressed the trustees that his election to the presidency was unanimous. One likely result of Dr. West's election: more responsibility for the Negro heads of departments who have come up through the ranks with him, so that the team can show how well it can run Meharry.

Sterility & Neurotics

When a woman goes to her doctor and complains that she doesn't seem to be able to have children, the doctor usually assumes that her trouble is physical and that he must do all in his power to help her achieve pregnancy. Not necessarily, says Chicago's Dr. William Saul Kroger: it may well be that the cause of the patient's sterility is psychological, and that it would be a bad thing for her to become a mother. In fact, he told the American Society for the Study of Sterility last week, this kind of sterility in neurotic women may be "nature's first line of defense against the union of potentially defective germ plasma."

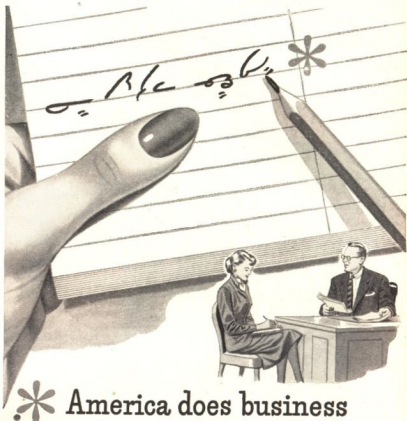
Gynecologist Kroger (a hard-bitten bachelor of 45) sees physiological evidence to support this idea in the large number of miscarriages, toxemias and other complications of pregnancy and labor which often follow long-standing sterility of psychological origin.

Anything in the World? As for the mental mechanics of the problem, Dr. Kroger reports that many women "straddle the fence" in their attitude toward motherhood: behind the conscious desire to bear a child there may be a deeper, unconscious revulsion against having one. This, in turn, may be the result of emotional immaturity and dependence (seeking to make the marriage into a child-parent relationship with the husband as parent), or an aggressive, masculine personality which would make the patient resent a child's demands on her.

Several patients studied by Dr. Kroger were overweight, and he attributed their obesity and sterility to the same cause—a childlike desire to be taken care of. "We have often noted," said Dr. Kroger, "that these neurotic women state that they 'will do anything in the world to get pregnant,' yet when given diets and basal body temperature charts, they find many rationalizations for not dieting and keeping the monthly record." The last thing in the world that they really want, he contended, is weight reduction and the normal ovarian function which could make pregnancy possible.

A Hollow Triumph? Dr. Kroger did not suggest that because a physician considers a woman patient neurotic he should take upon himself the burden of deciding whether or not she should have a child. Instead, he proposed that the physician, perhaps with the help of a psychiatrist, explain to the patient the emotional meaning of her sterility, and thus help her decide for herself.

But in any case where sterility of mental



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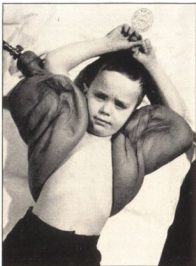
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origin is overcome by medical help, said Dr. Kroger, “the same psychological difficulties which once prevented conception may influence the child’s psychic development, and just as in the case of the emotionally immature but fertile woman, another member is added to an endless procession of neurotics. Therefore, the physician must be aware that apparently “successful” treatments of [such] sterility without adequate psychotherapy may actually become a hollow triumph.”

Capsules

¶ The Food & Drug Administration authorized the general use, on any doctor’s prescription, of isoniazid (short name for the hydrazide of isonicotinic acid), the new anti-T.B. drug (TIME, March 3). So great has been the public demand for the drug that Macy’s promptly advertised a supply of it in the New York Times.

¶ Encouraged because a few types of cancer have responded in the last dozen



PATIENT & VACUUM CAST
Like big, strong hands.

years to treatment with drugs, Manhattan’s Memorial Center opened a special 42-bed ward for the systematic testing of dozens of new chemicals and a few viruses on volunteer patients who cannot be helped by surgery or radiation.

¶ It is always a tricky technical problem to hold a patient in position for deep, high-power X-ray treatments, e.g., those used in cancer. In the past, uncomfortable plaster casts, straps and sandbags have been used. Now, thanks to cooperation between cancer experts and a geologist, Manhattan’s Francis Delsfield Hospital has a better method. A rubber bag is half-filled with small plastic “pebbles” and molded around the part of the body to be immobilized. Then the air is withdrawn from the bag. The vacuum “freezes” the plastic pebbles into a solid mass which holds the patient like big, strong hands. After the treatment, air is let into the bag and the cast becomes flabby again. It can be used over & over.



What to look for in a room air conditioner

The young lady is new to numbers and it's not easy to make them add up right. In like manner, a room air conditioner may be new and puzzling to you. Cooling capacity, for example, is only one thing to look for when you buy. There are 17 more, many of them equally important. Learn what they are and be a better buyer. See them all in the Buyer's Guide your Carrier dealer is waiting to show you. He's listed in the Classified Telephone Directory. You'll find out why there's a world of difference in room air conditioners . . . why Carrier stands alone as the best investment. Six models exactly meet the requirements of any room.

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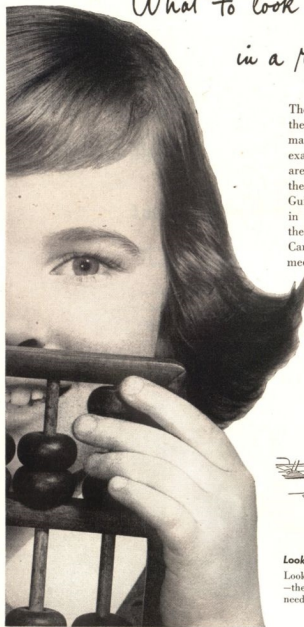
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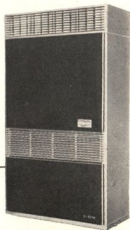
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BUSINESS & FINANCE

STATE OF BUSINESS

Fair & Warmer

Only a few weeks ago, many a harried merchant with sales lagging and customers hard to find got the troubled feeling that 1952 was beginning to look a lot like recession-ridden 1949. In Wall Street, many a professional trader warned that the big bull market was as good as dead.

Who's Dead? Last week the stock market surged up in the liveliest session in weeks. On at least one of the numerous stock averages (the New York *Herald Tribune's*), its gains for the week put the market at a new 21-year high. Moreover, startled merchants were finding that business, far from looking like '49, in some cases was even better than 1951. For example, U.S. department-store sales for May were 3.5% higher than last year.

The building industry was humming. May's outlays for public & private construction totaled \$2.7 billion, a new record, and pushed the total for 1952's first five months 3% above 1951's period. Government spending contributed the biggest increase (25%), mainly for expansion of military, AEC and defense-plant facilities. This week the Federal Reserve Board gave building another boost by easing Regulation X, which curbed housing credit, to lower the down payments required on homes.

The pickup was also felt in the auto industry. With credit relaxed, sales rose; dealers had only 256,793 cars on hand v. 369,101 at this time last year. Demand was so brisk that it was again taking as long as eight weeks to get delivery on a Ford or Chevrolet, and four to six months on a Cadillac. Independents, whose sales had been soggiest, shared in the rise; Hudson's sales were up 40% for April and May, and Kaiser-Frazer's also gained. The buying impetus spilled over into appliances; General Electric reported its May sales of major appliances up 24% above April, while Philco said its refrigerator sales were the best for any week since April 1951.

No Corpses. Along with sales, prices also had begun edging up once more. Dun & Bradstreet's index of wholesale food prices showed the sharpest increase (1.6%) in 17 months. The Government's cost-of-living index was still 11% above its June 1950 level, when the Korean war began. In the face of these signs that inflation was far from dead, neither Republicans nor Democrats in Congress seemed willing to take a chance, in an election year, on killing controls.* This week the Defense Production Act, with its train of OPS, NPA and other business controls, seemed certain to be extended to at least next March 1.

* Except on potatoes, where OPS ceilings had helped create a woeful shortage and black market. Last week, after the Senate demanded it, OPS abandoned its potato ceilings.

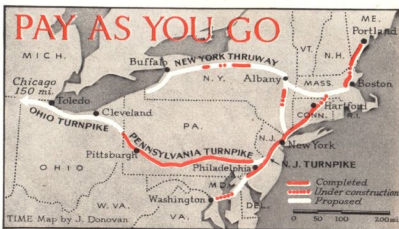
CONSTRUCTION

Ohio's Super-Highway

In the biggest bond issue of its kind in Wall Street's history, the state of Ohio last week raised \$326 million from U.S. investors. Not only was the entire issue sold out on the first day, but by nightfall each \$1,000 bond (interest rate: 3½%) was commanding a \$25 premium.

The tax-free bonds were issued by the Ohio Turnpike Commission to finance construction of one of the biggest single road-building projects in U.S. history: a 241-mile super-highway across the state, from the western terminus of the Pennsylvania Turnpike to the Indiana border. It dwarfs both the original 160-mile Pennsylvania Turnpike, the first super toll-highway,

The Prudent Way. More & more states are discovering that one answer, where traffic is heavy enough, is to build roads that pay for themselves. Indiana and Illinois have tentatively outlined projects to extend the eastern super-highway route to Chicago; New York is building a 535-mile Manhattan-to-Buffalo thoroughway; Florida has plans for a 350-mile Jacksonville-to-Miami speed road. Along with everything else, highway costs have been rising: Ohio's Turnpike will cost \$1,300,000 per mile v. a mere \$476,000 per mile for Pennsylvania's original mileage. Tolls are rising, too. The New Jersey Turnpike is charging 1½¢ per mile v. 1¢ for Pennsylvania's to pay the difference for the greater speed, and especially the greater safety, of modern highways. Despite the higher



and the new \$250 million, 118-mile New Jersey Turnpike (TIME, Aug. 27). With both of these, after a 35-mile Philadelphia bypass links them, the Ohio Turnpike will provide a super-highway route (see map) enabling motorists to drive all the way from Hartford, Conn., to Indiana, at high speeds, with few toll stops and no traffic lights. When additional New England toll roads are completed interlinked highways will reach from Portland, Me. to Chesapeake Bay and Washington.

More Traffic, Less Money. The turnpikes are the newest answer to highway congestion. The U.S., the most mobile and mechanized nation in the world, is wearing its roads out faster than it builds new ones. At the same time, the amount of its passenger and freight highway traffic keeps growing. In 16 years, the load on U.S. roads has more than doubled, from 518 billion ton-miles in 1936 to some 1.4 trillion ton-miles in 1951. And the number of vehicles has grown from 28 million to 52 million. But the U.S. is spending only \$2.5 billion a year on roads while \$4 billion would be needed to maintain the 1936 ratio of spending per ton-mile of traffic. Yet no more can be spent out of present road-building revenues (notably gasoline taxes).

charges, traffic on the New Jersey Turnpike is already exceeding the original estimates by 50%, with the result that the highway can probably pay for itself in 15 years, instead of 30 as planned. Not only do motorists prefer pay-as-you-go to suffer-as-you-wait, but as last week proved, any sound project can be readily financed.

FOREIGN TRADE

Country on Wheels

Not since the Roman chariot, have the Italians made a vehicle so peculiarly and proudly their own. Throughout the country, Italians ride swiftly to work & play on streamlined little two-wheeled scooters that do more than 100 miles on a gallon of gas. The motor scooter, invented in the U.S. but never a big seller, has become the model T of Italy, putting the country on wheels, breaking down regional barriers, and filling the air with its sputtering roar. Whole families ride a scooter. While the father drives, and one or two children stand on the tiny floorboard between his seat and the handlebars, the mother sits behind, often with a baby in her lap. Scooters have also spawned Italy's biggest new postwar industry. The 517,456 scooters turned out since war's end already out-



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number Italy's autos. This year the industry will turn out another 300,000 for a gross of around \$75 million.

Last week Genoa's Piaggio & Co., makers of Italy's first scooter, the Vespa (wasp), invaded the U.S. market with a roar. Sears, Roebuck & Co., which had ordered 1,000 Vespas as an experiment, sent a rush order for 5,000 more by September, and Piaggio prepared to supply Sears with up to 2,000 a month thereafter. Price in the U.S.: \$279.95.

Menace to Reds. The family-owned Piaggio Co., run by Enrico Piaggio, 47, was Italy's biggest wartime producer of aircraft engines. At war's end, with most of its main plant destroyed and a ban on plane-making, Piaggio started building scooters patterned after the collapsible motor scooters used by U.S. and German paratroopers. Only 65 in. long and weighing 185 lbs., the Vespa had a $\frac{1}{2}$ horsepower engine in the rear one-tenth the size of those in standard American motorcycles. Yet it did 43 m.p.h. (a souped-up model has been timed at 125 m.p.h.). The Vespa caught on at once.

To get money to expand, Piaggio borrowed \$1,080,000 from the Export-Import Bank and ECA. Piaggio organized Vespa clubs, races and contests, thinks that "the best way to fight Communism in this country is to give each worker a scooter, so he will have his own transportation, have something valuable of his own, and have a stake in the principle of private property." Taking their cue from this, many industrialists have bought Vespas on a reduced-price fleet plan, sold them to employees by paycheck deductions. In Piaggio's own plant, 60% of the 3,500 workers who once depended on bicycles or their feet for their transportation now own scooters.

Second Car? Vespas have spread into 45 other countries, either through exports or local manufacturers licensed to make them. (The newest plant, in Spain, went into production this year.) Plenty of competitors have also sprung up in Italy. In fact, the cheaper Lambrettas made by the Innocenti Co. now outstrip the Vespa in sales. But this week Piaggio cut the Vespa's price in Italy to \$240, enough to undersell the comparable Lambretta model. (Piaggio also is making railroad cars under license from Budd Co., aircraft engines, propellers, light planes.)

As to whether the U.S. will take to Vespas, no one knows. But Piaggio sees a big market as a substitute for a "second car," college student's runabout, low-cost rival of the motorcycle, or as an exciting new toy for hot-rodders.

Leica's Invasion

In placid little (pop. 6,949) Midland, Ont. on the shores of Lake Huron, 24 newly arrived German workmen last week began uncrating \$100,000 worth of optical machinery in a rented curling rink. The workers, from Leitz's famed optical works at Wetzlar, began setting up lens-grinders, buffers, drills, in preparation for moving into a new \$200,000 factory near by. There they will assemble Leica cam-

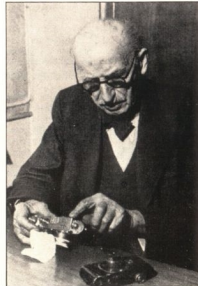


ITALY'S PIAGIO & WASP
Out of bombs and bans, a model T.

eras, photo accessories, special lenses, and aim for a share of rearmament's precision optical orders.

The plant is Leitz's first in North America since Pearl Harbor, when its U.S. distributing subsidiary was confiscated (the Alien Property Custodian will sell it this week to the highest bidder at an auction from which Leitz is barred). To choose the site, 81-year-old Dr. Ernst Leitz, son of the founder, sent over his 46-year-old son and namesake who thought that Midland, with its lake and nearby rivers, looked enough like Wetzlar to keep the émigré workmen from getting too homesick.

The Leitzes, who wanted a U.S. plant, had hoped that the Alien Property Custodian would permit the company to buy back its subsidiary (as it did after World War I). Unable to do so, they chose Canada rather than have two rival Leitz companies operating in the U.S. Another son of Dr. Leitz, Günther, 38, will run the



GERMANY'S LEITZ & LEICAS
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about, a smart lower-deck lounge, superb air and altitude conditioning—these are among the Stratocruiser's distinctive features.

Stratocruiser routes of other airlines* also span the Pacific to Hawaii—to Japan and the Far East. They bridge the Atlantic to Europe—the Caribbean to South America—and cross the United States between Seattle and New York. In less than three years of operation, Stratocruisers have



made more than 15,000 ocean crossings and have carried well over 600,000 trans-ocean passengers.

Each day the Stratocruisers are adding to their impressive record—demonstrating the sturdy dependability of airplanes built by Boeing, the company that has designed and produced more four-engine aircraft than any other single concern.

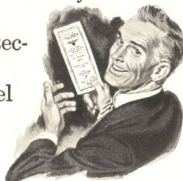
* Fleets of Boeing Stratocruisers are in service on Pan American World Airways, Northwest Airlines, British Overseas Airways Corporation and United Air Lines. For the Air Force Boeing builds the B-50 Superfortress, B-47 Stratojet, C-97 Stratofreighter; and is now starting production on the B-52 Stratofortress.

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Canadian show as president and general director.

Candid Cameras. Until the Leica (a compound of Leitz and camera) was invented in 1914 by Oskar Barnack, a Leitz employee, the company was one of the world's leading makers of microscopes.* Its founder, Ernst Leitz, a German who had worked with a Swiss watchmaker before settling in Wetzlar, introduced the watch industry's mass-production technique to microscopy. When the Leica was added as a sideline, the tail began wagging the dog. As a worldwide craze for miniature cameras and candid photography grew, so did Leitz. By World War II, the company had 3,000 employees and was grossing \$10 million a year. Then it concentrated on war work, and was so vital to the Nazi war industry that U.S. heavy bombers tried thrice to knock it out. Though its eight buildings were straddled with hundreds of bombs, hardly any were damaged. At war's end, Leitz began making Leicas for sale in Army PXs. To help defray the cost of occupation, resumption of Leica exports was authorized in 1946.

The New Grind. The world's demand for Leicas proved greater than ever, despite the rise of formidable imitators abroad. Leitz stepped up employment to 5,000, production to 4,000 Leicas per month, 25% more than prewar, and its gross to \$12.5 million. Leitz keeps many operations on a handwork basis simply to provide jobs. This, plus heavy taxes, has kept profits below prewar levels, but even so, Leitz made enough last year to finance a new \$950,000 building at Wetzlar and the Canadian plant, which may expand Leitz's total capacity by 15%. At Midland, Leitz plans to train some 500 Canadians to grind lenses and make Leicas, eventually hopes to sell their output in the U.S. market.

HIGH FINANCE

When Greek Meets Greek

Even in Hollywood, the glittering new green & gold Cadillac of a young man named Nick Spanos caused pedestrians to stare. But the real eye-stopper was the photostat of a check which Spanos proudly showed friends as he drove about. The amount: \$1,333,605.22. Lawyer Spanos, 33, had collected it for a client from Cinemogul Spyros P. Skouras' famed 20th Century-Fox and eight other movie companies, after winning one of the biggest legal awards in Hollywood's history.

Spanos, born in Greece and raised in Pittsburgh, decided while still attending Harvard Law School in 1946 that he would make his fortune in the movie business. To get a foot in the door, he wrote a thesis on the antitrust suits against the industry (TIME, Aug. 1, 1938 *et seq.*), marshaled arguments to answer all the Government's charges. Spanos' strategy worked. After he got his degree, the Mo-

* Paul Ehrlich, who in 1912 got the 150,000th Leitz made, used one in his work on Salvarsan ("606"), the cure for syphilis.



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tion Picture Association in New York hired him, and soon he joined a Hollywood firm which was defending exhibitors in antitrust suits.

Spanos' big chance came in the fall of 1948 when he met William D. Fulton, who had formerly run a theater in Kansas City, now ran one in Pacific Palisades. Spanos' antitrust knowledge interested Fulton, who felt that big theater interests had victimized him. In 1937 Fulton had sold his Kansas City theater to a Fox subsidiary because he was losing money. Reason: Fox and other distributing companies refused to provide him with films unless he agreed to show them later, and charge more, than a neighboring theater which Fox controlled. After Fulton sold his theater, it made \$375,000 in the next twelve years for Fox's National Theatres, run by Skouras' brother, Charles. Spanos



Ernie Spanos

HOLLYWOOD'S NICK SPANOS
His foot stumbled on a fortune.

decided to quit the law firm and file an antitrust suit against the industry.

In December 1950, after a seven-week trial, a Kansas City federal jury awarded Fulton treble damages of \$1,250,000. Fox and the others appealed. Last month the U.S. Supreme Court refused a review; meanwhile, the sum had grown, with interest, to \$1,333,605. (Spanos' share as a fee: \$220,000.) Last week Spanos had eight similar suits pending against Fox, its subsidiary National Theatres Corp., and other companies charging them with the same kind of activities against six other independent theater owners.

Spanos is finding things a bit tense on Sundays, when he attends Los Angeles' Greek Orthodox Church. Charles Skouras is also a member. "At church recently," Spanos says, Skouras "called me a racketeer and yelled that I was trying to get rich off him. I told him: 'Why, you have always been one of my heroes. There's nothing personal in this. I don't wish you anything but the best of luck.'"



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DETROIT, MICH.—"It had always been difficult and costly to keep our foods properly refrigerated before we installed our Frigidaire Reach-In," says George Bogich, owner of Butchers' Club, 1486 Frederick. "Now, at less operating cost, our Reach-In keeps our food fresher, longer. I chose the Frigidaire Reach-In because I've always liked General Motors' products, and because I have used a Frigidaire Refrigerator in my home since 1936."

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TIME, JUNE 16, 1952

How to Get \$30 for \$100

In the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, "Petrol Services, 32 Broadway, New York" recently spread a captivating advertising message: 40-ACRE GOVT. OIL LEASE IN OIL-RICH WYOMING & NEVADA FOR ONLY \$100. For months, a spate of such ads, by numerous outfits like "Petrol Services," have moved thousands to shell out \$100 or more to lease oil rights on Government lands. They hope to sell out at a fat profit if oil is struck near their holdings.

Last week Interior Secretary Oscar L. Chapman knocked such hopes on the head. He pointed out that any qualified citizen can get a three-year oil and gas lease on public lands at \$30 per 40 acres, instead of the \$100 and up charged by brokers. Citizens can take up to 2,560 acres in a single lease, up to 15,360 acres in one state. But, added the department, such leases are issued only on lands which are known to be outside of the geological structure of any producing oil or gas field (lands in known fields are sold to the highest bidder, usually oil companies). Said Interior: "Nevada hasn't produced any oil, and so far as we know, doesn't have an oil well."

UTILITIES

Who Gets Niagara?

When U.S. private power companies opened the annual meeting of their Edison Electric Institute in Cleveland last week, they drew their battle lines for the next big test of Government v. private power. The question at issue: will Government agencies or private companies develop the electric power now being wasted at Niagara Falls? If the Government wins, said Niagara Mohawk Power's President Earle J. Machold, socialization of the whole power industry "is merely a toss of the coin . . . [This] stifling of private enterprise can only lead to a totalitarian form of government."

In the early days of TVA and Bonneville, when private power companies were failing to meet the nation's new power needs, such a cry would have carried little conviction. But in 1952, when the industry is spending \$1 billion to boost its output, Utilityman Machold had a case. At Niagara the Government cannot claim, as it did at TVA and Bonneville, that power development is only the offshoot of irrigation and flood-control projects. There, its only purpose in proposing to spend \$400 million of public funds is to make power and compete with private companies.

War Declared. The battle flared up in February 1950, when a treaty was signed with Canada that divided use of Niagara's water and about 3,000,000 potential kilowatts of power. The Canadians started a hydro plant, which will begin generating 300,000 kilowatts by 1954 and 500,000 by 1955. The U.S. is hardly out of the blueprint stage, because New York Democrat Herbert H. Lehman inserted a tricky clause into the treaty: only Congress may determine who is to develop

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Niagara "for the public use and benefit." The Administration's public power bloc contends that this freezes out private utilities because they cannot operate for the public's benefit.

Congress listened to bitter arguments from the three competitors: the Federal Government, New York State, and New York's private utilities. The Lehman-Roosevelt (Jr.) bill advocated building the reservoir, intake tunnels or canals, and generating plant with public funds. The Ives-Cole bill would permit New York to build the project, then sell the power to the private and public utilities.

But it was the Federal Government's case that private power feared most. Senator Lehman and friends argued that the Government would: 1) develop power for two mills per kilowatt, which is basement-low in the U.S., and sell it for less than private power; 2) see that the Falls' beauty was not marred, a provision of the U.S.-Canada treaty; 3) make the project pay for itself in 50 years. Furthermore, the U.S. Corps of Engineers would build the plant.

Private Power Fires. The private power companies were slow to organize a rebuttal. But when Niagara Mohawk did join with four other major utilities* to back the Capehart-Miller bill, which would let them do the job, they presented some impressive arguments. Their know-how and existing facilities in the area, they said, would keep the project millions below the Government cost, and finish the first phase three years ahead of the Government. Private rates would be slightly higher than the Government's, but only because the companies would pay \$23 million a year in municipal, state and federal taxes. The Government's lower power rates would simply be subsidized by taxpayers. The Government's argument about preserving the natural beauty of the Falls did not stand up, because either public or private power would have to build the same number of installations, and both, under the treaty, would have to divert the bulk of the water flow at night so as not to spoil the Falls' beauty.

Said New York's Democratic Representative William E. Miller: "Army engineers construct nothing . . . They supervise . . . and they would probably have the people who are now employed by Niagara Mohawk to construct [the project] anyway." As a clincher, private powermen said they would impartially serve all customers, while the federal development would give more favorable contracts to cooperative and municipally operated utilities, at present servicing only 3% of the state's electric customers.

While the fight goes on and Congress postpones a decision, the U.S. is losing \$17 million in power a year as water to make 1,132,000 kilowatts goes out to sea every 24 hours.

* Consolidated Edison, Central Hudson Gas & Electric, New York State Electric & Gas, Rochester Gas & Electric. With Niagara Mohawk, the five serve 90% of the New York State area and nearly one-third of its population.

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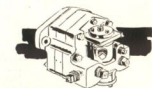
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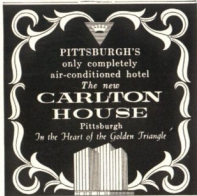
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MILESTONES

Died. Isabel Townsend Pell, 51, New York socialite and a heroine of the French underground during World War II; of a heart attack; in Manhattan. After brief flings at real estate, the stage and auto racing, she joined the Maquis in 1940 at her summer home, in Auribeau on the Riviera. Known as "Fredericka" and *la fille à la mèche blonde* (because of a lock of white hair on her forehead), she served the Resistance movement for four years, once rescued 16 U.S. paratroopers stranded behind enemy lines.

Died. Lewis P. ("Lew") Reese, 59, granite-jawed Scio, Ohio (pop. 1,152) pottery manufacturer who turned an abandoned mill into a multimillion-dollar small-town bonanza; of a kidney ailment; in Pittsburgh. A West Virginia pottery worker, Reese scraped together \$8,000 in 1932 to buy Scio's plant, mass-produced 5¢ teacups, saucers and plates to become the world's biggest producer of whiteware.

Died. William Harold Hoover, 63, president (since 1949) of Anaconda Copper Mining Co., the world's largest copper producer, who last year launched Anaconda into the aluminum business, making it fourth in the field (after Alcoa, Reynolds, Kaiser); of cancer; in Butte, Mont.

Died. The Right Rev. Cameron J. Davis, 78, retired bishop (1931-47) of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Western New York; of a heart ailment; in Buffalo.

Died. Archbishop Thomas Joseph Walsh, 78, spiritual leader of 1,077,935 New Jersey Catholics in the Archdiocese of Newark (fifth largest in the U.S.); of a heart ailment; in South Orange, N.J.

Died. John C. Crockett, 88, trumpet-voiced reading clerk of the U.S. Senate for 40 years (until he retired in 1947); in Washington, D.C. Onetime Iowa farm boy and stock-company actor, big, raw-boned "Uncle John" was said to be able to read faster than any man in decades of Senate history. Knowing when to skip or when to pause during controversial parts of a bill so that a Senator could break in, Crockett could rattle through bills at the rate of 60 pages in 20 minutes (his record: 300 bills in less than two hours). To keep his voice in condition, he ate no meat, went to bed at 9:30 during sessions, lived in country air 16 miles from Washington.

Died. Dr. Bertha Van Hoosen, 80, author (*Petticoat Surgeon*) and (until she retired last year) outstanding Chicago gynecologist and obstetrician; in Romeo, Mich. Born on a farm near Rochester, Mich., tiny (5 ft. 1 in.) Dr. Van Hoosen was still operating several days a week in her 80s, had gained fame by making the world's smallest appendix incisions—half an inch.



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CINEMA

Box Office

The top-grossing movies last month, according to a *Variety* survey of 25 key U.S. cities:

- 1) *The African Queen* (United Artists)
- 2) *The Marring Kind* (Columbia)
- 3) *Red Ball Express*—see below (Universal-International)
- 4) *Belles on Their Toes* (20th Century-Fox)
- 5) *Singin' in the Rain* (M-G-M)

Summer Vacation

At 9 o'clock one evening last week, a dignified, white-haired man, his lawyer at his side, walked into Los Angeles' towering county jail building and surrendered on his bond. At the booking desk he emptied his pockets, received an ill-fitting blue denim uniform to replace his elegant double-breasted grey flannel suit. Soon, reported a turnkey, No. 22487 was "sleeping like a baby" in the upper bunk of cell 10A2 on the twelfth floor. Hollywood Producer Walter (*Stagecoach*) Wanger, 57, a suave man with "no previous arrests," had begun what he called his "summer vacation."

In the lower bunk of Wanger's cell lay stone-faced Evan Charles Thomas, the warped railroad switchman who, with his .22 rifle, had murdered one woman, wounded four, and thus inspired the recent movie *The Sniper* (*Time*, May 19). But Producer Wanger slept the sound sleep of a man who knew an ordeal was all but ended. Its climax had really come last December when Wanger fired a pistol bullet into the groin of Actors' Agent Jennings Lang, whom Wanger then accused of trying to break up his marriage with Actress Joan Bennett. After Wanger threw himself on the court's mercy, the charge was reduced from assault with intent to murder to assault with a deadly weapon. He thus avoided a possibly unsavory trial which Hollywood dreaded, and got off with a four-month sentence. (Lang's recovery helped.)

After two days in jail, spent mopping floors and getting his "aptitudes" tested, Wanger was sent off to the county's honor farm at Castaic, 50 miles from town. There he was put to work as a librarian. Between his bookish chores, Producer Wanger hoped to swing back into the old stride that had helped him turn out such hit movies as *Algiers*. His own occupational therapy project: working on a movie called *Kansas and Pacific*, which he plans to produce at Monogram after his release.

The New Pictures

Red Ball Express (Universal-International) is a tardy tribute to the U.S. Army transportation crews which sped gas, ammunition and food to Patton's Third Army when it outran its supply lines during the August 1944 Allied breakthrough in France. *Red Ball Express* (railroadese for top priority freight) captures some of the



Associated Press

LIBRARIAN WANGER
Provided his own therapy.

excitement of its subject through wartime combat film pieced out with action scenes shot at Fort Eustis, Va.

But the picture is loaded down with a complex plot about a lieutenant (Jeff Chandler) whose top sergeant (Alex Nicol) hates him because he believes the lieutenant is responsible for the death of the sergeant's brother in a prewar trucking accident. For run-of-the-movie-mill romance, there are a couple of shapely Red Cross workers and a busty mademoiselle. All in all, *Red Ball Express* often bogs down in a dramatic rut when it should be rolling along in high.

The Girl in White (M-G-M) is based on Dr. Emily Dunning Barringer's 1950 *Bowery to Bellevue*, about her experiences as New York's first woman ambulance intern at the turn of the century. The theme of the vigorously factual book was: Can a woman be a doctor? The issue in this rather weak, fictional adaptation: Can a woman doctor also be a woman?

As played by June Allyson, Dr. Barringer behaves more like an ingenue than an intern. And the complaints she is called upon to cure are mostly her own heartaches. She cannot make up her mind whether she loves Dr. Arthur Kennedy (playing Dr. Ben Barringer, whom Dr. Emily Dunning married in real life) or Hospital Head Gary Merrill.

With an ailing script and stiff, pseudo-documentary direction, the picture plods along at a pace not much faster than the horse-drawn ambulances of the era.

Pot and Mike (M-G-M). Pat (Katharine Hepburn) is a lady athlete who excels at tennis, golf, baseball, basketball, skeetshooting, archery, swimming, track, boxing, ice hockey, badminton and judo. Mike (Spencer Tracy) is a pugacious Broadway sports promoter who wears

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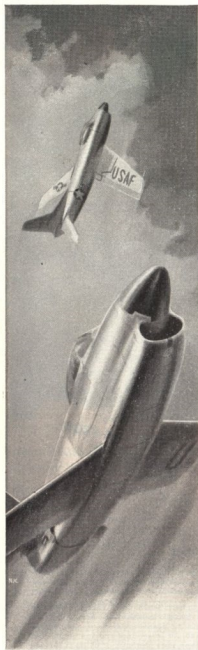
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No sooner does Mike set eyes on Pat than he signs her to an all-round sports contract. As Mike puts it, "She's nicely packed. Not much meat on her, but what's there is cherce." Mike puts Pat on an iron-clad training schedule, along with his heavyweight fighter Hucko (Aldo Ray) and his horse Little Nell. But deep down, Mike is a sentimental slob; before long, whenever he looks at Little Nell, he sees Pat's profile instead. As a result, Pat soon forgets about her former boy friend (William Ching), and girl athlete comes to emotional grips with boy manager.

One of the season's gayest comedies, *Pat and Mike* benefits by George Cukor's



TRACY & HEPBURN
"Not much meat, but cherce."

shrewd direction, the sprightly lines of Authors Ruth Gordon and Garson Kanin, and the comic capering of Old Hands Hepburn and Tracy. Aldo Ray is amusing as a dumb boxer with a foghorn voice. There is a pungent gallery of prognathous fictional sports characters, while such real sports personalities as Babe Didrikson Zaharias, Gussie Moran, Donald Budge, Alice Marble, Frank Parker and Betty Hicks show up in person.

Lydia Bailey (20th Century-Fox), based on Kenneth Roberts' picaresque novel, is a Technicolor blend of Haitian history and Hollywood horse opera. Dale Robertson is cast as a dashing, mettlesome Baltimore attorney, who not only espouses the cause of Haitian independence against the French, but also gives a helping hand to blonde Lydia Bailey (Anne Francis), a Philadelphia girl who is engaged to evil Napoleonic Agent Charles Korvin. Disguised as a mulatto field hand, Robertson saves Lydia from jungle rot and rotters, guides her past Mirabeau's cutthroat maroons, and through the conflagration of Cap François. By the end of the journey,



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What people say about your product has a direct effect upon its success—or failure. When listeners hear about the *advantages* of your brand, many are influenced to become your customers.

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Therefore, to insure favorable talk, it is imperative to tell the whole story about your product *in full and in detail*, omitting no major or minor selling point.

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The quickest and easiest method of creating attractive printed pieces for your business is (1) to call in a good printer, and (2) to *call him in early*. Don't wait until you have done all or part of the creative work yourself. Sit down with your printer before you touch pencil to paper. He can then apply his craftsmanship to your individual problem in thorough-going fashion.

In all probability, the papers used for your selling literature will be Warren's Standard Printing Papers. Good printers everywhere take pride in jobs printed on Warren papers, for these papers provide bright, uniform printing surfaces every time. S. D. Warren Company, 89 Broad Street, Boston 1, Massachusetts.

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Robertson has been stabbed, shot five times, beaten up twice, and almost drowned after a jump from a 70-ft. cliff, but he, Lydia, and the emerging republic manage to survive.

Drawing Dale Robertson and baby-faced Anne Francis saunter through the Haitian underbrush as if they were taking a Sunday stroll in a botanical garden. In a brief but effective appearance, Ken Renard plays Toussaint L'Ouverture, Haiti's founding father, who, judging from the movie, was on hand mainly to give Robertson moral support. But it is deep-voiced William Marshall who towers above the rest of the cast physically and histrionically as fictional Haitian Patriot King Dick.

With voodoo dances arranged by Choreographer Jack Cole and plantation music by the Royal Caribbean calypso ensemble, *Lydia Bailey* is redolent of a studio backlot jungle. As a result, moviegoers may get the feeling that the camera, by moving a frame to the right or left, might catch sight of a Southern California orange-juice stand.

Also Showing

Paula (Columbia) works up a rich soap-opera lather over the problems of its heroine (Loretta Young). She runs down an orphan boy (Tommy Rettig) in her car, and the boy becomes mute as a result of the accident. Childless Paula adopts the boy and sets about teaching him to talk again, although she realizes that once he regains the power of speech he may identify her to the police as the hit-&-run driver. To complicate matters a bit more, the slightest scandal would ruin the chances of Paula's husband (Kent Smith) becoming dean of his college.

Will Tommy talk again? Will he inform the police about Paula? Will Smith be appointed dean? *Paula* breathlessly asks and laboriously answers these momentous questions.

CURRENT & CHOICE

High Treason. Spies v. Scotland Yard in a bang-up British melodrama (TIME, May 19).

The Atomic City. Neat little B-budget thriller about G-men hunting down H-bomb spies (TIME, May 12).

The Narrow Margin. Cops & robbers on a train that rattles along at an exciting express clip (TIME, May 5).

Outcast of the Islands. Joseph Conrad's hothouse drama of a white man's disintegration in the tropics, strikingly directed by Carol (The Third Man) Reed; with Trevor Howard, Ralph Richardson, Robert Morley (TIME, April 28).

The Man in the White Suit. Top-grade British movie yarn, with Alec Guinness in a tailor-made comedy role as the inventor of an indestructible fabric (TIME, April 14).

The African Queen. A prissy spinster (Katharine Hepburn) and a gin-swilling skipper (Humphrey Bogart) triumph over jungle heat, hardship and the hangman's noose in John Huston's Technicolored version of C. S. Forester's adventure yarn (TIME, Feb. 25).



These suits say a lot about two ways of life!

Take the suit on the left, for example. It is typical of the clothing available to a favored few in Russia. It's one of a collection shown by Bonwit Teller of New York.

Disregarding style, this suit just doesn't stand up to its American counterpart. Awkwardly cut from a stiff boardy fabric, it offers none of the quality and value we take for granted.

Yet, a drab garment like the one shown here is a prized possession beyond the Iron Curtain. In American dollars it cost about \$126—almost a year's clothing allowance for a Russian typist or stenographer. And shoes, hats,

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This isn't the American way of doing things—ask any girl! She would tell you that the American-made rayon suit would be less than \$50—and there would be plenty left over in her budget to provide any number of other pretty and wearable garments.

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Lost Child

ANNE FRANK: THE DIARY OF A YOUNG GIRL (285 pp.)—Doubleday (\$3).

Ten years ago this month, a Jewish girl named Anne Frank received a diary for her 13th birthday, and began to keep it with care. The entries were gay-spirited—even though the Franks, refugees from Hitler's Germany, were living in occupied Holland. Anne saw an old Rin-Tin-Tin movie and told her diary about it; her teacher made her write an essay on an "Incurable Chatterbox" because she talked too much, and Anne recorded that too. Then one day, Hitler's Gestapo summoned the Franks for a screening.

The Franks did not keep the appointment. For some time they had been preparing a hideaway in an unused part of an old office building in Amsterdam. There, with the help of Dutch friends, eight hunted Jews spent two years: the Franks with their daughters Anne and Margot, the Van Daans with their son Peter, and Albert Dussel, a dentist.

Anne kept writing in her diary. Her entries darkened in tone, her writing skill blossomed, her mind leaped to astonishing maturity. The resulting diary is one of the most moving stories that anyone, anywhere, has managed to tell about World War II.

Why Do Grownups Quarrel? Life was tense in the "Annex." All day, one had to remain quiet for fear of being overheard by those who worked in the building; at night no lights could be shown. By day, Anne shared a tiny room with bristly Dentist Dussel, and had to fight a heroic campaign before he let her share the writing table. Their food, slipped in by Dutch friends, soon began to thin out. Always there was the danger of the police. But worst of all was the strain of being thrown together in a small space, without work or recreation, sometimes without hope.

"Why," wondered Anne, "do grownups quarrel so easily, so much, and over the most idiotic things?" Though their lives were never secure, the two families re-enacted all the banalities of normal domestic life, fighting over how to wash pans and whose plates to use. Anne was constantly being reprimanded for her impulsiveness and chattering. "You only really get to know people," she reflected, "when you've had a jolly good row with them."

"Miss Quack-Quack," as Anne called herself, nonetheless managed to live a rich life. She read Goethe and Schiller, and from newspapers she memorized the plots of all the new movies. She studied Greek mythology and gave herself lessons in shorthand, noting hopefully that for fugitives "it's extremely important to be able to write in a code." She watched herself with constant curiosity, and one day she was delighted to have her older sister Margot tell her "was quite attractive and . . . had nice eyes."

Most of all, Anne studied her parents

with intense interest. She decided that she loved only her father: "I long for Daddy's real love; not only as his child, but for me—Anne, myself." With amazing acuteness, she analyzed her relation to her mother: "We are exact opposites in everything; so naturally we are bound to run up against each other. I don't pronounce judgment on Mummy's character, for that is something I can't judge. I only look at her as a mother, and she just doesn't succeed in being that to me; I have to be my own mother. I've drawn myself apart from them all; I am my own skipper, and later on I shall see where I come to land."

Through the tense months Anne kept firm hold of her sense of humor. When Mrs. van Daan appeared with an injured



ANNE FRANK
In the lost entries, a shy peal.

rib, Anne wrote: "That's what happens to elderly ladies who do such idiotic exercises to reduce their large behinds." When Dentist Dussel went to work on Mrs. van Daan's molars, Anne was gleefully reminded of "a picture from the Middle Ages entitled 'A Quack at Work.'" But she could make fun of herself too: her beloved diary she called "the unbosomings of an ugly duckling."

The Cremated Pen. As the war dragged on and news trickled in of mass deportations of Jews, Anne became desperate. She had terrifying fantasies about the death of Jewish friends. Often she saw "rows of good, innocent people accompanied by crying children [walk] on and on . . . bullied and knocked about until they almost drop." With appalling prescience she wrote that "there is nothing we can do but wait as calmly as we can till the misery comes to an end. Jews and Christians wait, the whole earth waits; and there are many who wait for death." When her pen fell into the fire, she wrote that it "has been cremated."

Though not much interested in politics, Anne tried to understand what was happening to the world. "I don't believe that the big men, the politicians and the capitalists alone, are guilty of the war," she wrote. "Oh no, the little man is just as guilty, otherwise the peoples of the world would have risen in revolt long ago! There's in people simply an urge to destroy, an urge to kill, to murder and rage, and until all mankind, without exception, undergoes a great change, wars will be waged . . ."

But sometimes she cried out from the heart, as if for all the Jews of Europe: "Who has inflicted this upon us? Who has made us Jews different from all other people? Who has allowed us to suffer so terribly up to now? It is God that has made us as we are, but it will be God, too, who will raise us up again."

"I Am So Longing . . ." Anne became a young woman. "Each time I have a period—and that has only been three times—I have a feeling that in spite of all the pain, unpleasantness and nastiness, I have a sweet secret . . ." By her 15th birthday she had fallen in love with Peter van Daan. In the evenings she would visit him in his tiny attic, and the two adolescents would talk for hours, hold hands and occasionally kiss goodnight. Anne was not sure how to behave ("I am so longing for a kiss, the kiss that is so long in coming"), and was relieved when her father counseled restraint. In the last entries of her diary, amid careful reports of what the fugitives ate and striking sketches of how they lived, there rises a shy peal of ecstasy at the discovery of love.

But for Anne and Peter there was no time. In August 1944, the Gestapo raided the Annex. All its occupants were sent to concentration camps, and of the eight, only Mr. Frank returned. In March 1945, two months before the liberation of The Netherlands, Anne Frank, 15, died in Belsen of malnutrition.

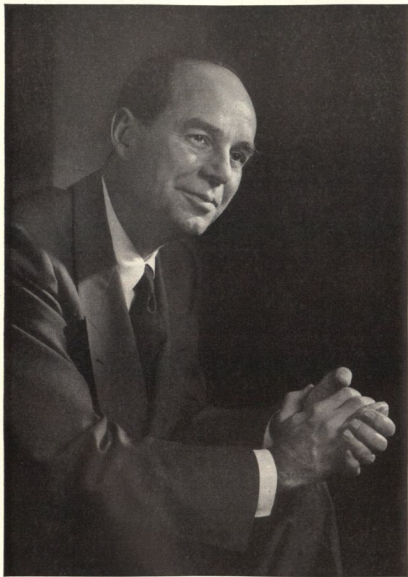
Workhorse River

THE MONONGAHELA (239 pp.)—Richard Bissell—Rinehart (\$3.50).

The series of books known as Rivers of America has given rise to some rather crude jokes in the publishing trade. When the number got to 45, wags began planning volumes on creeks, rills and even smaller flows. But, at least until No. 47 turns up, the kidding will have to stop. For No. 46 is one of the best in the series. It is also one of the few instances in which the right author met the right river.

Author Bissell, 38, helps run his father's clothing factory in Dubuque, Iowa these days, but once he did an outdoor man's work: he was a river pilot. He wrote a novel about it two years ago (*A Stretch on the River*—TIME, July 24, 1950), and the river descriptions and river lingo rang fair and true. He writes just as effectively in *The Monongahela* and even gives a fair amount of his secret away: "In order to have a river in your blood, unforgettably and forever . . . you have to work on her for wages." In 1944 he piloted a

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President, Callaway Mills Company,
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"So the business-like way is to review your life insurance arrangements at regular intervals. And here a thoroughly-trained life insurance agent can be of real help. His services, as you know, cost nothing extra."

The
NORTHWESTERN
MUTUAL
Life Insurance Company

Which flowers were picked by more readers?

Old Dutch Cleanser knows the answer

The same flowers in two identical ads... yet one ad pulled twice as many readers per dollar because its message was planted in Parade, America's best-read magazine.



Want facts and figures? In Parade, according to Starch readership surveys, the Old Dutch Cleanser ad pulled 93.7% more readers per dollar than the same ad in a leading women's service magazine.

What's more, in the past 3½ years, Parade produced more readers per dollar in 651 out of 670 identical ads seen also in weekly and monthly magazines.



Smart editing is the secret. And Parade brings you 5 million circulation in 34 key cities, with 20% or more family coverage in 2,000 rich markets.

Want more readers for your advertising dollar?

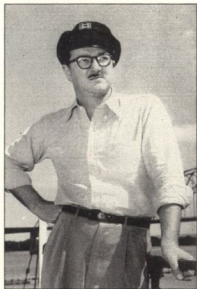
Move into

parade

Chrysler Bldg., New York City

diesel towboat on the Monongahela for seven months.

Nuggets & Chasers. Bissell did some library work this time and, like his fellow grubbers in the River series, passes along his share of historical nuggets, e.g., in the 1790s, there were some 1,300 stills in western Pennsylvania; no less an authority than George Washington pronounced Monongahela rye "excellent," etc. But what gives the book its special tang is Pilot Bissell's own experiences on the old Mon. When he reported for duty on the *Coal Queen*, he saw a dirty one-stacker, "a piece of marine junk." That was winter time, and he had to be persuaded not to take the first train back to the Midwest. Came spring and Pilot Bissell thought: "For me to be drawing wages for piloting a towboat under these conditions,



John Reynolds

PILOT BISSELL

More hell than the Congo.

why, that's just like paying a kid to watch the circus."

Piloting the *Coal Queen*, from Morgantown, W. Va. downstream (north) to Pittsburgh, took a little doing, what with pushing barges through the locks and threading through more traffic tonnage than passes through the Panama or Suez Canals. There wasn't much that didn't catch Pilot Bissell's eye, from the architecture (mostly horrendous) of the houses ashore to a little girl in a spring hat on a slate pile. He remembers the valley's favorite drink (cheap rye and a beer chaser), the variety of foreign tongues heard in saloons. "Oh, it's some wonderful valley, the Monongahela. There's more hell popping and more loud noise in any ten miles at the lower end than there is in five hundred on the Mississippi or the Congo."

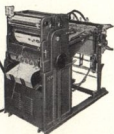
Barges & Nostalgia. Good riverman that he is, Author Bissell writes with affection of the old steamboat days, when a big one like the *Sprague* could push as many as 60 barges loaded down with 54,000 tons of coal. He becomes nostalgic

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Model 233,
Sheet size,
14" x 17½"



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tag quality,
buy from a
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A Subsidiary of Mergenthaler Linotype Company
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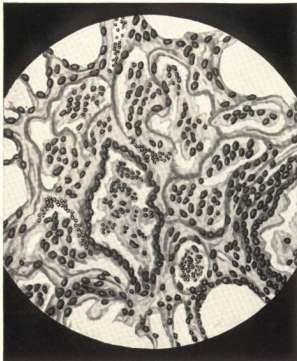
**RELIEVES PAIN OF
HEADACHE · NEURALGIA
NEURITIS**

FAST

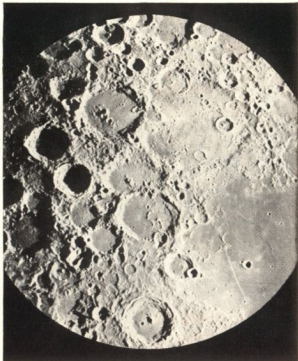
The way
thousands of
physicians
and dentists
recommend



Anacin® relieves headache, neuralgia, neuritis pain fast because Anacin is like a doctor's prescription—that is, Anacin contains not just one, but a combination of medically proven, active ingredients in easy-to-take tablet form. Thousands have been introduced to Anacin through their own dentist or physicians. If you have never used Anacin, try these tablets yourself for incredibly fast, long-lasting relief from pain. Don't wait. Buy Anacin today.



Microscopic disease germs are explored in TRANE-conditioned labs.



Telescopical moon studies are carried on in TRANE-made climates.

FROM LABORATORY TO OBSERVATORY...

TRANE air conditioning serves everywhere

Weather making is no longer wizardry. For a nation with preparedness on its mind, TRANE heating and air conditioning equipment produces indoor climates to order . . . weather on request.

Special temperatures are required in man's search for bugs and stars. TRANE Air Conditioners create the weather conditions needed for this exacting work. The lenses required in both microscopes and telescopes are ground and polished under precisely stabilized air conditions—and here again TRANE equipment serves.

In military schools, in progressive hospitals, in

huge office buildings, TRANE air conditioning, heating and ventilating equipment decreases fatigue, increases efficiency in great measure.

Briefly, the proper heating and conditioning of air is TRANE's business. And minding its business, TRANE serves literally *everywhere*.

With the extensive TRANE line to choose from, complete systems can be developed to fit every heating, ventilating and air conditioning need. There are more than 80 TRANE sales offices in the U. S. They will gladly work with your architect, consulting engineer and contractor.



GI Mechanics, like their civilian counterparts, the defense workers, make faster progress in the tempered atmosphere provided by TRANE Unit Heaters.



Business executives report greater worker efficiency when the offices they supervise are equipped with TRANE air conditioning equipment.

A free copy of "Choose Your Own Weather" can help you with real suggestions. Please write for it.

TRANE

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OFFICES IN 80 U.S., 14 CANADIAN CITIES

MANUFACTURING ENGINEERS OF HEATING, VENTILATING AND AIR CONDITIONING EQUIPMENT



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LIGHTER
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preferred by Sportsmen
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TO H. M. KING GEORGE VI
AND QUEEN ELIZABETH

Imported by PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS CORP., NEW YORK - BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY - 86.6 PROOF

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THIS SUMMER
Aerodynamically Controlled
warmth next winter




REZNOR
THE WORLD'S LARGEST-SELLING
GAS UNIT HEATER



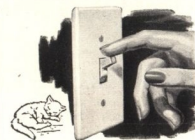

SUMMER WINTER

Production will increase as office or factory personnel enjoy the comforting air from the world-famous Reznor unit heater's powerful fan. Installation is simple and quick. Operation is completely automatic. Next winter, heating temperatures will be delicately controlled and evenly distributed.

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on a carpet
G-E MERCURY SWITCH
has "9" lives, too

It flips smoothly and silently—without the hint of a click! And it far outlasts spring-type switches.

In your place of business or your home, have an electrical contractor install the switch you can't hear—the switch that lasts longer—the G-E mercury switch. Section D14-680, Construction Materials Division, General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC

recalling that stern-wheelers in the '90s made regular trips on the highways of water between Pittsburgh and Fort Benton, Mont. But he knows that diesels are here to stay, and doesn't let his nostalgia get teary-eyed. Nor does he equate the Monongahela and the *Coal Queen* with romance. But when a stranger looked at the *Queen* and asked, "Ain't it a miracle what some fools will do to earn a living? Can you imagine living on a thing like that?", Bissell answered, "I can imagine it."

Cuckoo!

HOW TO TRAVEL INCOGNITO (244 pp.)
—Ludwig Bemelmans—Little, Brown (\$3).

Some authors try to make each new book as different as possible from the one before. Author Ludwig Bemelmans works passionately in the opposite direction: he has grown prosperous and popular by writing the same book over & over again. It was gay and lively stuff 15 years ago when it was appearing in *Story* and *The New Yorker*; it still seems gay and lively today.

Push, Don't Pay. What gives the changeless Bemelmans world its hard-wearing longevity is that it belongs neither to pure fact nor pure fiction. Its borders extend to Palm Beach and Hollywood, but its heartland is Europe—not the Europe of Gide or Aneurin Bevan, but a continent whose inhabitants behave as if Strauss operettas and books by Bemelmans were their sole guides to everyday life. In Bemelmans' Europe, all is eternally prewar, in mood if not in time; the Rolls-Royces glide forever down the poplar-lined avenues to the magic chateaux of mysterious princesses; the penniless dukes and counts sponge delicately on the newly rich; back of every exquisite dinner stands a temperamental chef with handlebar mustaches. It has been Bemelmans' art to convince his U.S. public not only that such a dream world exists, but that Bemelmans himself carries the skeleton key to its secret closets.

In *How to Travel Incognito*, Bemelmans adopts the cognomen of Ludwig, Prince of Bavaria. The title is pressed on him by his good friend, the Comte de St. Cucuface. "You must take full advantage of your title," Cucuface tells Prince Bemelmans. "You are now no longer a tourist to be pushed about. You are the one to do the pushing. You will give bad tips and be better served than anyone else. You must not pay your bills and shopkeepers will swear that you are indeed a real prince."

And nod to Rita. Prince and Cucuface set off on a cheerful pilgrim's progress from Paris to the Riviera. Their delicate palates and foxy noses are proof against phony vintage wines; their false humility endears them to the wealthy, and their aristocratic hauteur terrifies the bandits who lurk in ambush about their tables, i.e., "doorman, door-opener, coat-hander, coat-taker, inside-door opener, up-the-stairs-pointer, director, headwaiter, assistant headwaiter . . . captain, wait-

BIG PULL

AT LITTLE COST!



Peabody Coal Company, largest midwest producer, uses the Trackmobile to handle cars of incoming equipment and to speed coal loading at its new Pawnee, Ill., mine.

Here's compact power to cut costs and speed the hauling, spotting and switching of railway cars! The Trackmobile's road or track operation saves time and manpower for refineries, mines, grain elevators and industrial plants of many types. It simplifies the big job of railway car handling with a low cost investment that has already proved profitable for hundreds of firms. Write today for complete reports of Trackmobile operation at leading companies!

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Sales Offices and distributors throughout the world



Only the Trackmobile offers road or track operation... and you can change to either in 30 seconds!

WHITING
TRACKMOBILE®

THESE OTHER WHITING PRODUCTS ALSO CUT COSTS FOR INDUSTRY!



Overhead
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Modern Americans on the move call agents of



Your local Allied Agent is the No. 1 Specialist in local and long-distance moving, storage and packing. See your classified telephone directory. Agents from coast to coast.

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er and bus boy." Lounging on luxurious hotel terraces, they nod to "Ali, Rita and Schiaparelli"; sunk in sofas "soft as a mudbath," they regale each other with romantic anecdotes of beautiful American heiresses, great dukes and greater maharajahs, heartbroken countesses and billionaires with huge cigars.

Prince Ludwig's account of his travels is not exactly a realistic portrait of contemporary Europe. It is Bemelmans at his old trick of exposing and glamorizing his dream continent simultaneously.

Pull Over to the Side

THE KINGS OF THE ROAD [246 pp.]—Ken W. Purdy—Little, Brown [\$5].

Most automobiles made in the U.S. today are sleek, comfortable and mechanically dependable. Few people ask for more. But there is a small, hard knot of



DRIVER NUVOLARI
More grueling than Indianapolis.

car cultists who would not be caught behind the wheel of a shiny Detroit model '52. One of these is Ken W. Purdy, editor of *True*, a magazine that specializes in vicarious thrills for the fireside he-man. Purdy began fooling around with vintage and foreign cars in 1946, when new American cars were hard to get.

In his new book, *The Kings of the Road*, he says flatly that any man who wouldn't rather pay out of pocket for an "Aurelia" model Italian Lancia than receive a Cadillac as a gift "just doesn't know how to live."

Horsy Movement. Author Purdy is not living on all cylinders himself, because he does not yet own a Lancia (only a handful of U.S. fanciers do), but by *Kings of the Road* standards he is not doing so badly: he owns and drives a 1927, two-seater Bugatti. He also owns an Isotta-Fraschini '28, a Peugeot '14, and even a comparatively Johnny-come-lately Citroën 1939. He has also owned a Mercer Raceabout two-

Dynamite: Oil Detector

PROBLEM...

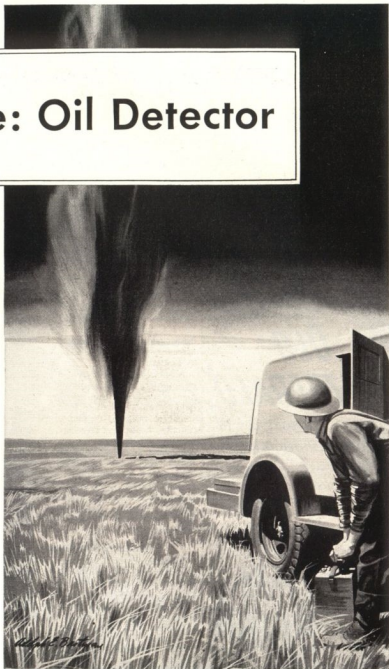
... to help professional oil "prospectors", or seismograph recording crews, to obtain more accurate subsurface surveys of prospective oil fields.

SOLUTION...

... special Hercules explosives which, detonated below the surface, provide positive seismograph recordings of the resulting shock waves. Among these are Vibrogels® ... which detonate under severe water pressures; Spiralok® ... rigid dynamite cartridge assembly that saves time in loading; and Vibrocaps® SR ... detonators that reduce the danger of premature firing by static electricity and eliminate "time-lag" between firing and actual detonation of explosives charge.

RESULT...

... greater accuracy, efficiency, and economy in exploring potential sources of petroleum. Hercules' developments in dynamite and blasting supplies are helping to improve efficiency and cut costs wherever explosives are used in industry.



Hercules' business is solving problems by chemistry for industry...



... rubber, insecticides, adhesives, soaps, detergents, plastics, paint, varnish, lacquer, textiles, paper, to name a few, use Hercules® synthetic resins, cellulose products, chemical cotton, terpene chemicals, rosin and rosin derivatives, chlorinated products and other chemical processing materials. Hercules® explosives serve mining, quarrying, construction, seismograph projects everywhere.

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OLD FITZGERALD

your key to
Kentucky Hospitality...
Old Fashioned...
but still in style

GENUINE
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
SOUR MASH
BOURBON
100 PROOF



Made, mellowed
and bottled only by...

STITZEL-WELLER DISTILLERY
Established 1849 Louisville, Kentucky

seater, vintage 1912, a real American beauty. To drive a 1912 Mercer, says Purdy, is to feel "the movement of a horse under you. You sit in the seat, not just on it, both feet are solidly braced, and you feel very safe, no matter what."

Kings of the Road is part love song and part a dirge over what, and how, the conventional men are willing to drive. Not for Purdy the "chrome piled on chrome and tin upon tin." Lovingly he writes of Designers Ettore Bugatti, Fred Duesenberg, Frederick Henry Royce and of Driver Tazio Nuvolari. To Purdy, as to most addicts, Nuvolari is *Il Maestro*, "indisputably the greatest driver who ever lived." Not on "dull" tracks like the Indianapolis Speedway did *Il Maestro* show his genius, but in grueling road races run day & night. Nuvolari, now 60 and retired, was "hard on his mounts, a great flogger of automobiles, a car killer."

Close the Eyes. There are lively descriptions of the early Vanderbilt Cup races, in 1904, 1905 and 1910, which were denounced from the pulpit but drew crowds like a magnet: "Louis Chevrolet wrapped his Fiat around a telegraph pole on Willis Avenue... Harold Stone, driving a Columbia, leapt the Meadowbrook bridge and shot into the mob, killing his mechanic and injuring a mixed bag of bystanders."

Author Purdy is a romantic, but all over the U.S. there is still a scattering of men whose hearts leap up when they behold a pre-World War I car, its brass shined to a dazzle, its head lamps staring proudly ahead, its exhaust pipes exposed for all admiring eyes to see. There are even some, as delicately geared as Author Purdy, who can close their eyes and "imagine a string-straight, poplar-lined Route Nationale in France on a summer's day. That growing dot in the middle distance is a sky-blue Bugatti coupe, rasping down from Paris to Nice at 110 miles an hour..."

RECENT & READABLE

Submarine!, by Edward L. Beach. The dramatic underside of the Pacific War, as told by a combat submariner (TIME, June 9).

The Thurber Album. Back through the turns of time with James Thurber of Columbus, Ohio (TIME, June 2).

Winston Churchill, by Robert Lewis Taylor. Cheerfully anecdotal biography (TIME, June 2).

Witness. Confessional autobiography of Whittaker Chambers (TIME, May 26).

Homage to Catalonia, by George Orwell. The Spanish civil war as seen by the author of *Nineteen Eighty-Four* (TIME, May 19).

The Time of the Assassins, by Godfrey Blunden. A tale of two fanaticisms—SS and NKVD—in the Ukrainian city of Kharkov (TIME, May 19).

The Golden Hand, by Edith Simon. Life & death in a fictional English village of the 14th century (TIME, April 28).

Invisible Man, by Ralph Ellison. A rousing good first novel about the coming of age of a Negro boy (TIME, April 14).



Your plant is safe when your drinking water needs are piped through a Westinghouse Explosion-Proof Model, eliminating fire and explosion hazards. Two Models: WWE8A and WWE14A (8 and 14-gallon capacities) are listed by UL for Class I, C and D, and Class II, F and G, hazardous locations.

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LIFE in Spanish will open new vistas in Latin America

From the balcony off their bedrooms, guests in Panama's windowless, doorless hotel, *El Panama*, get a commanding view of the Pacific.

From the new Spanish-language edition of LIFE INTERNATIONAL—to be published in January of 1953—Latin Americans will get an encompassing view of the world.

The first top-quality picture magazine edited in the U.S. and published in Spanish especially for Latin America, it will open new vistas on democracy's ideas and inventions, products and people, places and events.

Similar in format to the world-wide English-language edition of LIFE INTERNATIONAL, the Spanish-language edition will provide a prestige showcase for advertising from the top of Mexico to the tip of Chile.

If you would like to obtain further facts about LIFE INTERNATIONAL's Spanish- and English-language editions, please write us at Time-Life Building, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, New York.

LIFE
INTERNATIONAL



SPANISH AND ENGLISH EDITIONS

There's an Art to desk efficiency



"Pull up a chair . . .
this is my new Art Metal Conference
Desk . . . I'm ready any minute
for a five-man meeting."

Yes sir! Our new Conference Desk has many fine points that aid ease, order and efficiency: a BIG pedestal (right or left side, as ordered) with drawer space virtually the same as a two-pedestal desk, three convenience drawers in desk top, two work-organizer desk-tray drawers, and large side-to-side vertical file drawer, plus private locker for storage. Pedestal drawers have Art Metal fingertip ball-bearing roller suspension. The Art Metal Conference Desk has baked enamel finish in gray, and warm gray linoleum top with aluminum trim—a desk built for action and styled for leadership.

EXECUTIVES: If you, like many others, are planning ahead for office improvements or expansion, write us for the booklet on Art Metal office equipment, including complete details on the Art Metal origination—the Conference Desk . . . Art Metal Construction Co., Jamestown, N. Y.

For over 60 years the hall-mark of the finest in business equipment . . . desks • files • office chairs • visible record equipment.



MISCELLANY

Headwork. In Miami Beach, Barber Peter Renucci moved quickly when a nearby competitor knocked 50¢ off the price of a \$1.25 trim, posted a sign: "We repair 75¢ haircuts."

Test Case. In Houston, Mickey Martinez jumped into an undertaker's display coffin and lowered the lid, later explained to police: "The satin stuff on the top was nice and soft, but the bottom sure was hard."

Fair Deal. In Bath, England, temporary clerks in the admiralty office campaigned for the same six-day honeymoon leaves as their permanent co-workers, solemnly contended: "The nuptial responsibilities of temporary and established grades are equally grave."

Old Ties. In Los Angeles, Mrs. Eugene G. Polley, 18, a coed, won a divorce after charging that her husband cut short their honeymoon to return to Clarence W. Pierce School of Agriculture, told her: "Sigma Delt means more to me than you do."

Substandard. In Higashi Village, Japan, the women's youth corps put 50 youths through a husband qualification test which included a marathon run, a rice-bag-carrying race, chinning the bar and plowing, flunked all 50.

Sure Thing. In Phoenix, Ariz., Wallace Bros. Circus offered \$1,000 to anyone who could stay aboard Tiny Tim, the elephant, for three full minutes, won their wager with two men, a boy and one woman—who sued for \$111,000 for injuries.

The Secret. In Los Angeles, Joseph Dawn Louzier, who claims to be 121, signed up for a \$10,000 insurance policy with Lloyd's of London, advised a reporter on the formula for a long life: "Just keep breathin', son. Just keep breathin'."

In Trust. In Hitchin, England, William Newnham, 65, appeared in person to pay his income tax, then locked the local tax staff in their office "so they can't defraud anyone else."

Woman's Intuition. In New Orleans, Mrs. Robert Lee James, 27, learned that her husband had confessed to having six wives in six different cities, remarked knowingly: "I always had a feeling he was hiding something."

Out of Character. In Los Angeles, the 43-year-old man who was so angry when his girl friend went out with another man that he blacked both her eyes, cut her lip, broke her right arm, pulled her hair, broke one of her ribs, burned her with a cigarette, jabbed her near the eye with a bobby pin, and locked her up, told police his name was Arden G. Goodnature.



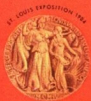
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a pleasure

to drink... to serve

I.W. HARPER

The Gold Medal Whiskey since 1872



THE *Prized* BOTTLED IN BOND
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT *Bourbon*

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY, BOTTLED IN BOND, 100 PROOF, I. W. HARPER DISTILLING COMPANY, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY